

# THE CONFESSION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEAS-ED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

"Or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Tongue—howling! 'tis too horrible!  
The worst and most boisterous worldly life,  
That age, ache, penny and imprisonment  
Can live ornate, is a paradise.  
To what we fear of death—"

Measure for Measure.

The fear of death, and dread of the mysterious future may be set down as the origin of superstition. None more than religious zealots understand this infirmity of human nature, and hence in every age the appeal of unrelenting reformists, has been to the forbidden, that, like an incubus brood over the gloomy and uncertain future; and before his fearful denunciations, reason and resolution will often fail; and in weaker natures there is sometimes a total prostration of both. Instances of this are to be found in modern times, as well as in the age of the early fathers. Every clergyman has to a certain extent the same power that belonged to Luther and St. Augustine.

An incident within my own observation afforded to my mind a striking illustration of the foregoing remarks.

In the winter of '21, I was sole "monarch" of a country school in the township of B——, in the State of Connecticut. The morning of the 22d of February was intensely cold and gloomy. A violent storm of rain and snow had commenced the evening previous, and its vehemence continued unabated through the night. My residence was located some distance from any other habitation, and a mile removed from it was a rocky and woody eminence. The rude blasts of wind as they wildly whistled through the cragged tops of aged trees, shaking their weeping branches; and the congealed rain against my windows, drove sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer" from my eyes. I imagined I heard a moan—a cry—but the fury of the troubled elements without stifled the sound.

The Sun had partially lighted up the eastern horizon, which afforded me a tolerable view of surrounding scenery and objects—I beheld before me a spectre-like figure, with a pale ghastly countenance! and from its fragile form, a snowy white drapery fluttered in the gale.

It was a female—I conveyed the poor sufferer into the house—Her strength was exhausted by fatigue, and her delicate limbs were stiffened with cold—her bleached features were wild and vacant—the sportive winds had wave her long flowing hair, into ragged tresses, and her "flaw'd heart" could scarcely force through its crimson channels, the almost congealed blood—Judge of my surprise when I discovered that the beautiful wonder before me was one of the most intimate and respected of my female acquaintances. Her history is short.

She was an only child—her parents who were honest and industrious, had enjoyed undisturbed the serene pleasures of domestic happiness, and contented with the humble station providence assigned them, they courted not the follies of the fashionable world; nor were their minds clogged and enervated by the fleeting scenes of mistaken pleasures. They took delight in infusing into the young and tranquil mind of their beloved offspring, sentiments of virtue, benevolence and kindness, and well were their cares and interests rewarded, in the domestic virtues and the pleasing accomplishments developed under their fostering care.

To a well instructed and sensitive mind was joined every charm that could fascinate, and every virtue that could endear. She was formed by nature for love and tranquility; and, like a celestial ray, brightened up with smiles the furrowed features of her aged parents—her soul, her happiness, were in unison with theirs.

A short period prior to the time I have before mentioned, the subject of these remarks, such as we have described her, was brought under the influence of one of those stern heralds of the gospel, that in these degenerate times often rouse the listless and indifferent, and make the ears of their hearers tingle with the outpourings of spiritual denunciations.

The Rev. Mr. ———, possessed uncommon pow-

er in forcing upon the attention of his auditors those doctrines, which, tho' contained in holy writ, seem palpable only to the searching vision of rigid reformists. He would with the alacrity and ease of a scene changer lift up the ponderous curtain that obscures from our vision the arena of futurity, and depict in the most glowing colors, the horrid images of the everlasting tortures of the damned. To the power of such doctrines delivered in a sepulchral voice, with furious gestures and a wildly glancing eye, and in which but little of the milk of human kindness was observable, but which seemed only to warn "The devoted wretch of woe and death," it may well be supposed even strong minds would sometimes bear witness, but upon those of a seditious nature the effect was resistless and overwhelming.

Such was the effect upon the subject of this sketch—her imagination was startled with frightful images. And she who had until that time been innocent in her own view, and to whom all nature wore a smiling aspect, suddenly found herself associated with demons, and the inmost sensibilities of her soul were aroused into a tremulous action, and a wild and distracted imagination usurped the throne of reason—She became a religious maniac.

SIGMA.

## A VOICE FROM THE WINE PRESS.

'Twas for this they reared the vine,  
Fostered every leaf and shoot—  
Loved to see its tendrils twine,  
And cherished it from branch to root!  
'Twas for this that from the blast  
It was screened and taught to run,  
That its fruit might ripen fast,  
O'er the trellis, to the sun.  
And for this they rudely tore  
Every cluster from the stem—  
'Twas to crush us till we pour  
Out our very blood for them!  
Well, though we are tortured thus,  
Still our essence shall endure,  
Vengeance they shall find, with us,  
May be slow, but will be sure.  
And the longer we are pent  
From the air and cheering light,  
Greater, when they give us vent,  
For our rest shall be our might,  
And our spirits, they shall see,  
Can assume a thousand shapes  
These are words of verity,  
Uttered by the dying grapes.

Many a stately form shall reel,  
When our power is felt within—  
Many a foolish tongue reveal  
What the recent draught has been—  
Many a thoughtless yielding youth,  
With his promise all in bloom,  
Go from paths of peace and truth,  
To an early, shameful tomb.

We the purse will oft unclasp,  
All its golden treasure take;  
And the husband in one grasp,  
Leave the wife with heart to break.  
While his babes are pinched with cold,  
We will bind him to the bowl,  
Till his features we behold  
Glowing like a living coal.

To the lady's smiling lip  
We will go and sparkle up,  
Till we teach her how to sip  
Foaming furies from the cup.  
Then we'll riot on the brain,  
Till we see her husband come,  
For the peace that we have slain,  
Home to—Pandemonium.

We will bid the gown-man put  
To his lip a glass or two,  
Then, we'll stab him in the foot,  
Till it oversteps the shoe.  
And we'll swell the doctor's bill,  
While he parries us in vain—  
He may cure, but we will kill  
Till our thousands we have slain.

When we've drowned their peace and health,  
Strength and hopes within the bowl,  
More we'll ask than life or wealth,  
We'll require the very soul!  
Ye, who from our blood are free,  
Take the charge we give you now—  
Taste not till ye wait and see  
If the grapes forget their vow.

H. F. G.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS. JAN. 23, 1831.

## "GOING A PLEASURING."

I know I shall be taken up,  
For being a lunatic—  
My brain is spinning like a top,  
And I am very sick:  
If I was in the country now,  
Where mill-ponds deep abound,  
To-morrow morning, stiff and stark,  
My body should be found.  
I've been to parties, often—but  
To never such an one  
As this from which I've just escap'd—  
'Twas any thing but fun!  
I lost a pair of new kid gloves,  
I lost my diamond pin,  
I lost—ah me—I'd swear outright,  
If it wasn't such a sin.  
There were a dozen dandies there,  
Perfumed from toe to top.  
You would have sworn when you went in  
It was a Druggist's shop:—  
And such a set of curled heads!—  
The barber made them so—  
The very SICKENS in the street  
Would envy them I know.  
And then the silly, painted belles,  
With gold straws in their hair,  
Who fluttered through the mazy dance  
With such a graceful air—  
Whispered ice-cream on this cold night,  
And called it exquisite—  
The very blood within my veins  
Chills at the thought of it!  
I danced with one whose voice was low,  
And sweetly musical,  
I thought her pretty till some one  
Told me her name was SAL:  
She thought that Moore wrote VERY WELL,  
That Byron's rhymes were NICE—  
I wonder if she knows that rain  
By freezing will be ice!  
'Twould tire me to repeat one half  
The nonsense that I heard—  
I wish I'd staid at home, nor from  
My chimney corner stir'd  
I caught the tooth-ache—and a cold—  
And came home out of breath—  
I swear I'll never go again  
To be so bored to death!

POPE

## SOMNAMBULISM.

MR. EDITOR,—In the Journal of Commerce of the 4th instant, I saw an article on the somnambulism performance of Isaac Candler, the somnambulist. Now as I have been somewhat distinguished for my peregrinations—when night her "sable mantle throws o'er all"—I will if you please give you an account of some STILL VAULTING, which I once afforded my friends, and I would here remark that if my fall was more rapid than my rise, I am not without examples among many other great men, who having reached the pinnacle of fame, have by "VAULTING ambition" overleaped themselves and fallen on the other side.

I always had a wonderful predilection for travelling in the dark, but until the period I am about to speak of my movements were confined to a narrow sphere. Perhaps it was this humble beginning which made me so distinguished in the HIGHEST WALKS IN LIFE in after days. Be this as it may, until the year 1814, I used to amuse myself with creeping round the floor of my bed-room, under the bed, and sometimes when I imagined that snakes and other reptiles were too abundant for my purpose, I used to crawl up the window, and with eyeballs fixed, remain gazing upon them until I awoke.

My first distinguished appearance in public, was in a snow bank of some eight feet in depth—there I stood all in my yellow nightgown, amusing myself with skating. I know not how long I should have remained in this enviable situation, had not my mother saluted my "cold cheek" with a quantity of snow, which soon brought me to myself, and sent me to my chamber feeling rather chop fallen, and resolving never again to leave my "bed and board."

I believe I kept my resolution for more than a year, but the fairies came forth in their robes of white—the elf dance commenced—and I would fain join the happy group. From the account received from the domestics in the morning—after my return to my old tricks—I am inclined to think I had a REAL GOOD TIME: the coffee mill had been

put in motion, and on the floor was to be seen the fruits of my labor. The pantry also bore evident marks of some hungry spirit having visited it, and chairs, and table in martial array, frowned upon the astonished servants on going into the kitchen in the morning. Returning to my bed one night, I stopped in the entry at the head of the stairs—there were twenty in the flight, and supposing, I had now arrived at my bed, and being fearful of awakening my elder brother, who slept on the front side, I stationed myself upon the bedstead—alas the ballustrade, and made a leap.

The instant I left my aerial abode I awoke—but I cannot describe to you my feelings at that awful moment—a dreadful presentiment pressed on my mind, that I was hastening to some fearful end. I seemed to be sinking down—countless fathoms down—and my prayer was that I might strike in the water, as I was a good swimmer, and had less fear, from the false element than any other. The surface which received my body was rather harder than water, it was the painted carpet in the entry below.

I had bruised my knee-pan shockingly, and broken my right thigh just below the hip. The scene of confusion which ensued in the family cannot easily be imagined. Suffice to say I was carried to bed and am now recovered from my fall—except a little of the step-and-fetch-it—in my gate. I do not know that I care much about the affair.

The good people tell us, Mr. Editor, that there is a providence in every thing. I believe it, for if I had not broken my thigh, I never should have been able to get along so comfortably as I do when walking with Enoch Timbertoes—Enoch is a little warped in the bends—sly dog, you and I know it—and when we get together, you have no idea how "amazing cute" we travel.

JONATHAN.

MR. EDITOR,—I am one of that persecuted race of beings called bachelors; having nothing better to employ me at present than scribbling, I will let you into the secrets of my sanctum sanctorum.

## A BACHELOR'S BED-ROOM.

I inhabit a chamber, just eight feet by four,  
It contains one small window, (no chimney,) a door,  
A chamber I said, it was meant for a closet,  
And used as a store-room of general deposit:  
There's my crazy old bedstead full five feet by two,

A boot-jack, a table, segar-box, cork screw,  
One chair with two legs, a whisk broom and sword cane,  
A triangular looking-glass, frameless, INANE,  
There is also a tumbler and bottle of wine,  
A shelf full of odd things, some books, eight or nine,

An old bureau drawer that shovels under the bed,  
A small bust of Franklin without any head,  
A statue of Venus worse off than my chair,  
Two colored engravings of cock-fights are there,  
A sheet-iron stove, it was ONCE NEW no doubt,  
The pipe goes through the window to let the smoke out,  
Some pine wood, a poker, (the tongs are now lost,)

With these and my blankets I keep out the frost.  
A case full of minerals nicely arranged,  
But the case and its cover have long been estranged,

A brass-barrel pistol, that's never been used,  
This I carry at night to prevent being "noosed"—  
Though I've so long SLIPPED clear of all KNOTS at the altar,

I may NOT always SLIP the SLIP-KNOT of a halter;  
I lead by St. Valentine such a sweet life  
That I would not for "SOMETHING be cursed with a Wife. DERFL A NODOUBLE.

## LACONIC.

An English gentleman who rarely said much, and when he did speak, spoke always to the point, was once travelling on horse-back with his servant, a man much like his master. On crossing a bridge the nobleman stopped his horse, and thus addressed his servant—"John?"—"Sir."—"Do you like eggs?"—"Yes, sir."—"They then rode on. Some months after, business calling the nobleman into the country, he crossed the same bridge, and again turned to his servant—"John?"—"Sir."—"How?"—"Boiled, sir," was the immediate reply.

PIE-CRUST MAGAZINE.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Baltimore *Minerva* and Saturday Post.SIMON SNOOKS;  
OR, SEEKING AN OFFICE.

"I reckon as how you're from the Eastern Shore, haunt you?" inquired the groom, as he took the reins of a traveller's mare, the rider of which had just dismounted, and was shaking the mud from a pair of leggings at the door of the tavern. "Your critter looks for all the world as if she hadn't had nothing to eat for a month of Sundays—but, she'll have good quarters now—that, I tell you. Will you have her enticed down, Sir?"

"You don't know your duty—do you?" responded the traveller, looking as if he knew a thing or two of an other's profession. "Take the critter to the stable, let her root down a night or so, and after she's done sweating, give her a little chopped-oats and bean, and a trifle of water."

"May be you're from the city mister?" inquired the ostler. "No I ain't neither—I came farther north than that."

"Well now—I thought you were from Alleghany county; you look like up country."

"I tell you what, stranger," answered the traveller, drawing himself up and looking big,—"there's money a place for a man to come from; and I'm thinking it might look a little better for one of your profession to look to the horse, and not the rider."

"I wonder what office he's after," muttered the groom to himself as he led the ghostly jade round to the stable.

Simon Snooks, for such was the name of the traveller just alluded to, was a tall, raw-boned man, such an one as once Ben would compare to a streak of lightning drawn out through a wire-plate. A small head sat on between a pair of broad shoulders, lists at the extremes of his arms like gables hanging on a dead vine, but curly hair, crossed nose, and small, ray eyes, were characteristics of his outward man, his internal qualifications will be more fully exposed in the sequel. His coat and pantaloons were of homespun cloth, none the better for wear, and his head and body protected from the bleakness of the weather, by a large bear-skin cap and a striped blanket turned by a tailor into a greatcoat. Whence Simon came or what was his business, I am not yet prepared to say; nobody noticed him particularly when he entered the bar-room, for though the room was pretty well crowded with all sorts and sizes, yet, every one appeared to be intently bent upon his own business that one scarcely noticed the other. Simon made his way towards the fireplace, seated himself, and throwing his legs up against the chimney-piece, composedly took from his pocket a large lump of tobacco which he was about putting to his mouth, when he observed at the other end of the room a rather genteel-looking personage in close conversation with a shabby-looking man. "I'll bet my dog Swatch, that that ere man's a member of the house," muttered he half to himself; and rising he pushed his way thro' the crowd, and with a bow that might have shamed a Russian bear, exclaimed—"Mister, my name's Simon Snooks—and thinks I as how you might chew tobacco, and so, having some rail ginger head, I just stepped over here to offer you some." The gentleman politely declined the offer of Simon, while the genteel-shabby gentleman cast on him a look which seemed to say "Sir, you importune us." Simon resumed his seat, but determined to keep an eye upon the member, for he knew well enough that it was "a good thing to have a friend at court."

Simon's conduct in the bar-room began to excite suspicion—some pronounced his name black-legs, others believed him to be a Kentucky horse dealer, while many agreed that he was a tobacco planter, who wished to get off his unsold stock. However, it was the general belief that he was an *original*, he his calling what it might, and this very belief caused him to be the centre of attraction. He frequently gave proof positive that he was a *practitioner at the bar*, though totally ignorant of the law, for he never failed to call a gin-coctail, "a wirt of fiery faces." But few of that class of beings who have "erudition" written upon their fronts escaped his notice; he was ever sure of picking them out from the dense mass that surrounded him, offering the chosen ones a glass or a quid, as circumstances permitted. "Who is he?" was the question, and "Simon Snooks" was the answer. "But who's Simon Snooks?" there was the rub—no one presumed to say who or what Simon Snooks was.

Days—weeks passed, and Simon's eccentricity began to attract universal attention; there was not a genteel-looking man that hovered around the state-house but was obliged to acknowledge his beauty at the bar. His bill ran up to a frightful amount, and his *critter* had fattened in the stable; again the question was asked—*who and what is he?* No one was prepared for an answer—the landlord

began to be alarmed, the bar-keeper complained, and the ostler swore that the *critter* had got so saucy on her good living, that nothing but mush and milk would satisfy her.—Simon still stuck to the "members," as he called all genteel people, and many a button-hole was worn to the thread by his fore-finger.

One day there was an unusual collection of people in the bar room of the tavern, on account of some appointments to be made by the newly elected executive and council. Applicants for offices of every description were seen hovering about like hungry crows—ready to dart upon the first member that should be so unfortunate as to throw himself in their way. Here stood a delegate with the skirts of his coat torn off, his button-holes broken, and every button torn off *some ceremony*, listening to the merits and claims of every candidate that could squeeze in a word edgewise. There a senator puffing and sweating in the midst of a crowd of office hunters, each one thinking himself more entitled to the *honor and power* than the others. Many had left one party because that party had forsaken them—*they had gone the whole for Jackson*, but they could not bear ingratitude; and therefore had joined the opposition. Others had stood firmly to the opposition party, and would not forsake it as long as there was a chance of its being triumphant. Reader, I will allow you to imagine the scene that was carried out many have endeavored to ride into office on a political hobby, and too many of that many have been thrown on account of using the whip and spur.

But who stood forth in his might on that occasion? Who proved himself a patriot—a statesman, an orator? No other than Simon Snooks! A comely and genteel-looking person happened to be disengaged—he stood alone musing in the corner of the room; it was enough for our hero, for he could tell a member from a thousand. Stepping up to the gentleman he asked him if he would take a glass, which was politely refused.

"I guess as how you're one of the temperance men stranger, or you'd never refuse a good offer. For my part I never refuse any thing.—Ye see, the folks here pretend as how they don't know who I am—why, I'm Simon Snooks, that lives up in—county, and I tell you what, to short hand at politics state's affairs and all that sort of thing. Didnt you never hear on Simon Snooks? every body in our county knows me, and I left home with the certainty of getting into some office, for I knows what's what; you ask Tim Taylor whose the best shot at a turkey—I once *drat the cross* three times in excess, and tell me I'm a fool if I can't do it again. You see, sir, I want an office, for, as I told 'em in my stump speech, the man that has proved himself proof against the mechanisms of the corrupt, and who has stuck to his party like grim death to a dead nigger, is the very one that ought to be awarded for his *patriotism*, and *republicanism*. So, fellow citizens, says I—I'm that 'ere man; and so I am, sir—I ought to've been a member of the Legislature, and would've been, if my friends had only stuck to me. You haunt got no office for me is you?"

"Really, Sir," replied the stranger, "you have mistaken your man; so far from having an office in my gift, I am seeking one myself."

"Humph!" exclaimed Simon, turning about, "I thought I'd got the wrong pig by the ear." Pushing himself through a crowd where a political discussion was going on, he reached the centre, and stood directly opposed to a member, whom he immediately recognized as a delegate from his own county. His surprise and delight can hardly be expressed, raising his mammoth fist up to his cap, and staring the distressed representative full in the face he exclaimed—"You don't know me squire, do you?—I reckon as how you do though,—though perhaps you might, and—again, I think you might. I'm Simon Snooks, every body knows Simon Snooks—don't you remember the time when you was delivering your oration at the hustings how I maulled that feller that hissed you? I guess you ought—it was just when you was scuffling on the merits of one Mr. Tariff, a member for Rhode Island. I tell you what squire, I've come down here to get into some office; you know a thing or two and can recommend me to the ex-council and council. As I said to 'em when I gave my stump speech—you remember when I delivered my stump speech—says I fellow-citizens, squire—'s the man that's fitter nor any for a place in the State Legislature; he's a man of parts—didnt you hear him when he spoke on federal improvement, so highly important to the State, how rail-roads and canals would by-and-by make the pole's meet? Didnt you hear him say old Hickory always merited the most highest office in the gift of the people; and that the opposition party, though they was howling like cur-dogs agin *reform*, yet the time would come some day or other when they would think rotation of office a great national blessing—I tell you what, squire—I did lay the soft-soap on to you in

great style, and there was not a descending voice in the meeting. I say again, I've come down here to get in an office—you know me to be good stuff—I've got politics at my finger nails, and can stand my ground better nor the best on 'em."

"I'm afraid Simon you've brought your wisdom to the wrong market," said the member.

"But didnt I stand by the Jackson party, squire?"

"True,—but"—

"Haunt you got no office to give me?"

"None that I know of—you may well judge."

"Why I'd have no objections to be a judge, though I never was brought up to that."

"To tell the truth, Simon, the parties have changed grounds since last year; were you an opposition man, you might stand some chance of being rewarded, but, as it is, I must attend to my other friends."

"But, squire," exclaimed Simon, turning pale, "couldnt you make me a wood-corder up in—county? There's no politics in that office. Or inspector of whiskey, you know I'm a good judge of that sort of commodity."

"Jackson men, Simon, are all to be reformed out of office, not in."

"Well, squire," said Simon groaning, as he bitterly thought of the prospect before him, "since parties has changed, and there's no chance of reward of the friends of the ministeration, I'll be off. You haunt got no letters to take home, is you?"

The landlord here interposed and asked Simon if he intended settling his bill? "How much have I got to pay, mister?"—asked the disappointed office-hunter. "Fifty dollars"—was the astonishing reply.

"Well, squire," said Simon, "I thought when I come down here all the way from—county that they'd put me into some fat office—but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Mister, I haunt got fifty cents about me, much less fifty dollars—so you might as well keep *Betsy Gray*, she's a good critter, and will eat as much as you'll gin her. Farewell, gentlemen. Squire, you haunt got no letters to carry up country is you?—I'm going to ride *Shaul's* march home."

## THE MODERN CLYSSES.

No sooner was the chandelier mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denvers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed as the signal for attack, by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavoring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy.

Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honor to consider him less in the line of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand, but he had already given her a sheet of parchment, and the man of law discovered, that although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open.

In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwelling besieged, and never, certainly had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of bullet-doux came showering into it like a snow storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others again, affecting breeches, would wander forth in the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name on every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every member in her house was besieged, by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year, from the lady's maid to the stable-boy.

While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults, and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about "first love,"—respect for the memory of the dead, &c. which, although no doubt extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony.

As the number of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and, their anxiety being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests.

The matchless impudence of one of her visitors deserves particular record. It happen-

ed that one day the widow went out, for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a footboy in the house. He was a tall, military looking personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, desiring him to take his horse into the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in the chorus of "Mistress is not at home, Sir," stopped not till he had reached the dining-parlor, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, "Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it's rather cool."

"Very cool, indeed," said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some pertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed them on the table before him.

The butler, who had a mortal dread of firearms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger's bidding, but in reality, to communicate to his fellow-domestics, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell, and it was some time before Geoffrey could summon courage to answer it.

"Your pleasure, sir?" said he, re-entering the dining-parlor.

"Some dinner?" responded the other. The butler paused, but at length said, "Very sorry, sir, but we have not got any thing in the house."

"Then look in the poultry-yard," was the reply, "and let me have a boiled chicken in half an hour."

The other stared, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall on the pistols, Geoffrey seemed to understand the appeal, and being anxious to go off first, hurried out to council the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having in notion of glasses being placed on table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable "Wine."

"If you please, sir," said Geoffrey, "we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine cellar in her pocket."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, "who ever heard of a wine cellar with only one key?—Why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern." The allusion had its effect; Geoffrey vanished in an instant, and shortly re-appeared as Gaiymede.

In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denvers, who, on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining room to demand an explanation. On the next instant the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor.

It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visitor, than she uttered a piercing shriek and sunk upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recovers, but with a woman the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last, succeeded in restoring the patient.

"And is it really you, Sir John?" exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil.

"Ay, in very deed, Caroline," was the reply; "ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens."

"Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful A-shantees?"

"You greatly wrong that very respectable and much slandered people," said Sir John; "they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, inasmuch, that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities."

"I hope, my dear," said the lady, "you were duly sensible of their attentions?"

"I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honor to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket into which he had, inadvertently, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder."

"O dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?"

"I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a bush, exhausted from loss of



blood, when I was picked up by an Ashantee dandy of sixty, whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Irishman brother officer for presuming to doubt it?"

"And were you so rash as to fight with him?"

"No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties, and to save my executors as much trouble as possible. But how is my nephew?"

"O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of his title."

"I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it."

At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who, taking it for granted, that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue.

When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlor, it became a point of precedence among them which should enter first; at length, a clown in the back ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who, communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the next, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John, *tele-ante* with his lady.

Doubtless you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit, my reader, he did no such thing; he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockheads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it.

The following account of a "Horrid Snow," is from the pen of CORCORAN MATHER, which is preserved among the Manuscript Volumes of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[AN HORRID SNOW.]

BOSTON 10 Dec. 1747.

Sir,  
Tho' we are got so far onward as the beginning of another Winter, yet we have not forgot ye last, which at the latter end whereof we were entertained & overwhelmed with a Snow, which was attended with some Things, which were uncommon enough to afford matter for a letter from us. Our Winter was not so bad as that, wherein Tacitus tells us, that Cordero made his expedition against the Partians; nor that, which proved so fatal to ye Beasts and Birds in ye days of ye Emperor Justinian; & that the very fishes were killed under ye freezing sea, when Phocas did as much to ye men whom Tyrants treat like ye Fishes of ye Sea. But ye emblem on of our Winter was hard enough, & was too formidable to be easily forgotten, & of a piece with what you had in Europe a year before. The Snow was ye chief Thing that made it so. For tho' rarely does a winter pass us, wherein we may say with Pliny *Ingens Hyeme Nivis apud nos capit*, yet our last Winter brought with it a Snow, 'tis true, not equal to that, which once fell & lay twenty Cubits high, about the Beginning of October, in the parts about ye *Faurine Sea*, Nor to that which ye French *Annals* tell us, kept falling for twenty Nine weeks together. Nor to several mentioned by *Boethius*, wherein vast numbers of people, & of Cattle perished.—Nor to those that *Strabo* finds upon *Caucasus* & *Rhodiensis* in *Armenia*. But yet such an one, and attended with such circumstances as may deserve to be remembered.

On the twentieth of last February, there came on a Snow, which being added unto what had covered the ground a few days before, made a thicker mantle for our Mother, than what was usual; And ye Storm it was, for the following day, so violent as to make all communication between ye neighbors every where to cease. People, for some hours, could not pass from one side of the street unto another, & ye poor Women, who happened in this critical time to fall into Travail, were put unto Hardships, which anon produced many odd stories for us. But on ye Twenty Fourth day of ye Month, comes *Pellion upon Ossu*; Another Snow came on, which almost buried ye Memory of ye former, with a storm so furious that Heaven laid an interdict on ye Religious Assemblies throughout ye Country, on this Lord's day, ye like whereunto had never been seen before. The Indians near an hundred years old affirm that their Fathers never told them of any thing that equalled it. Vast numbers of Cattle were destroyed in this Calamity. Whereof some there were, of ye Stranger sort, were found standing dead on their legs, as if they had been alive many weeks after, when ye snow melted away.—And others had their eyes glazed over with

Ice at such a rate that being not far from ye Sea, their mistake of their way drowned them there. One gentleman, on whose Farms were now lost above 1100 sheep, which with other Cattle were interred (shall I say) or *Interred* in the Snow, writes me word that there were two Sheep very singularly circumstanced. For no less than eight and twenty days after the Storm the people pulling out the Ruins of above an 100 sheep out of a Snow-Bank, which lay 17 foot high, drifted over them, there was found alive, which had been there all this time, and kept themselves alive by eating the wool of their dead companions.—When they were taken out they shed their own Fleeces, but soon got into good Case again. Sheep were not ye only creatures that lived unaccountably, for whole weeks without their usual sustenance, entirely buried in ye Snow drifts.

The Swine had a share with ye Sheep in strange survival. A man had a couple of young *Hogges*, which he gave over for dead. But on the twenty seventh day after their *Burial*, they made their way out of a *Snow Bank*, at the bottom of which they had found a little Tansy to feed upon. The Poultry was unaccountably survived as these. Hens were found alive after seven days; Turkeys were found alive after five and twenty days, buried in the Snow, and at a distance from ye ground; and altogether destitute to feed them. The number of creatures, that kept a *Rigid Fast*, shut up in Snow for diverse weeks together, and when found alive after all, have yielded surprising stories unto us.

The Wild Creatures in the Woods, ye outgoings of ye Evening, made their Descent as well as they could in this Time of Scarcity for them, towards ye Sea-side. A vast multitude of Deer, for ye same cause, taking the same course, & ye Deep Snow Speding their only Defence, which is to run, they became such a prey to these Devourers, that it is thought not one in twenty escaped. But here again occurred a Curiosity.—These carnivorous Sharpers, & especially the Foxes, would make their Nocturnal visits to the Pens, where the people had their sheep defended from them. The poor Ewes big with young were so terrified with the frequent Approaches of ye Foxes, & the Terror had such an impression on them, that most of ye Lambs brought forth in ye Spring following, were of Monsieur *Beinard's* complexion, when ye Dams either *White* or *Black*. It is remarkable that immediately after ye Fall of ye Snow, an infinite number of Sparrows made their Appearance, but then, after a short continuance, all disappeared.

It is incredible how much Damage was done to ye Orchards, For the Snow freezing to a Crust as high as the boughs of ye trees, anon Split it to pieces. The cattle also, walking on ye crusted Snow a dozen foot from ye ground, so fed upon ye Trees as very much to diminish them. The Ocean was in a prodigious Ferment, and after it was over, vast heaps of little shells, were never seen before. Mighty shoals of Porpoises also kept a play-day in the disturbed waves of our Harbours. The odd Accidents befalling many poor people, whose Cottages were totally covered with ye very tops of their Chimneys to be seen, would afford a Story. But there not being any Relation to Philosophy in them, I forbear them.

And now I am *Satis Terris Nivis*. And here is enough of my Winter tale. If it serve to no other purpose, yet it will serve an opportunity to tell you That nine months ago I did a thousand times wish myself with you in *Cresham College*, which is never so horribly snow'd upon. But instead of so great a Satisfaction all I can attain to is the pleasure of talking with you in this Epistolary way & subscribing myself

Syr Yours

With an affection that

knows no Winter.

COTTON MATHER.

ALCHEMY.

The professors of this science asserted the opinion that the baser metals contain the same constituents as gold; contaminated, indeed, with various impurities, but capable, when these impurities were removed, or remedied, of assuming all the properties and characters of gold. They distinguished by the name of *lapis philosophorum*, or philosopher's stone, the substance possessing this wonderful power; and they usually describe it as red powder, having a peculiar smell. There are many strange, and almost incredible stories on record, of men who had this stone in their possession. The following are related upon the authority of old writers, by Dr. Thomson, in his History of Chymistry, being No. 3 of the National Library.

About the year 1650, an unknown Italian came to Geneva, and took lodgings at the sign of the Green Cross. After remaining there a day or two, he requested De Luc, the landlord, to procure him a man acquainted

with Italian, to accompany him through the town, and point out those things which deserved to be examined. De Luc was acquainted with M. Gros, at that time about twenty years of age, and a student in Geneva, and knowing his proficiency in the Italian language, requested him to accompany the stranger. To this proposition he willingly acceded and attended the Italian every where, for the space of a fortnight. The stranger now began to complain of want of money, which alarmed M. Gros, not a little—for at that time he was very poor—and he became apprehensive from the tenor of the stranger's observation that he intended to ask the loan of money from him. But, instead of this, the Italian asked him if he was acquainted with any goldsmith, whose bellows and other utensils they might be permitted to use, and who would not refuse to supply them with the different articles requisite for a particle process which he wanted to perform. M. Gros named a M. Breaux, to whom the Italian immediately repaired. He readily furnished crucibles, pure tin, quicksilver, and the other things required by the Italian. The goldsmith left his workshop, that the Italian might be under the less restraint leaving M. Gros, with one of his own workmen as an attendant. The Italian put a quantity of tin in one crucible and a quantity of quicksilver into another. The tin was melted in the fire, and the mercury heated. It was then poured into the melted tin, and at the same time a red powder enclosed in wax was projected into the amalgam. An agitation took place, and a great deal of smoke was exhaled from the crucible, but this speedily subsided, and the whole being poured out, formed six heavy ingots, having the color of gold.

The goldsmith was called in by the Italian and requested to make a rigid examination of the smallest of the ingots. The goldsmith not content with the touchstone and the application of aqua fortis, exposed the metal on the cupel with lead, and fused it with antimony, but it sustained no loss. He found it possessed of the ductility and specific gravity of gold; and, full of admiration, he exclaimed, he had never before worked upon gold so perfectly pure. The Italian made him a present of the smallest ingot as a recompense, and then, accompanied by M. Gros, he repaired to the mint, where he received from M. Breaux, the mint master, a quantity of Spanish gold coin, equal in weight to the ingots which he had brought. To M. Gros he made a present of twenty pieces, on account of the attention that he had paid to him; and, after paying his bill at the inn, he added fifteen pieces more, to serve to entertain M. Gros and M. Breaux for some days, and in the mean time he ordered a supper, that he might, on his return, have the pleasure of supping with these two gentlemen. He went out, but never returned, leaving behind him the greatest regret and admiration. It is needless to add that M. Gros and M. Breaux continued to enjoy themselves at the inn till the fifteen pieces which the stranger had left were exhausted.

A stranger meagrely dressed, went to Mr. Boyle, and after conversing for some time about chymical processes, requested him to furnish him with antimony and some other common metallic substance, which then fortunately happened to be in Mr. Boyle's laboratory. These were put into a crucible, which was then placed in a melting furnace. As soon as these metals were fused, the stranger shewed a powder to the attendants, which he projected into the crucible; and instantly went out, directing the servants to allow the crucible to remain in the furnace till the fire went out of its own accord, and promising at the same time to return in a few hours. But, as he never fulfilled his promise, Boyle ordered the cover to be taken off the crucible, and found that it contained a yellow colored metal, possessing all the properties of pure gold, and only a little lighter than the weight of the materials put into the crucible.

ANECDOTE OF DR. WALCOT.

Dr. Walcot, whom I well knew, and who in his writings styled himself Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had many whimsical sayings. He used to call a blacksmith the humble servant of a horse; and spruce-beer, dead-board broth. If he saw any one eat heartily, he would say, "that man is fit to eat, for a wager, tripe out of a pad with a butcher's bull dog, and beat him?" and in speaking of pictures, (of which he was very fond,) he would observe, "I never give for one more than the value of its frame, and then I am sure not to be taken in." When G—, the publisher, made a proposition to the Doctor to purchase the copy-right of his works, he (by letter) offered him an annuity, *during the life*, of two hundred pounds. The Doctor, however, having been informed that G— was very anxious to have them, asked three hundred. This was replied to by G— appointing a particular day on which he would call on the Doctor to talk the matter over with him. When the appointed day arrived, the

Doctor received him in complete di-habille, even to his night-cap; and, from having purposely abstained from shaving himself for three or four days, together with his complexion being naturally cadaverous, his appearance was unhealthy and forlorn; added to which, he assumed a hollow, sepulchral cough, such as would exasperate a rich man's heir, and excite the commiseration of a sheriff's officer! It appeared, however, that G— had determined not to make any advance upon the two hundred pounds *per annum* already offered, till the Doctor displaying a violent fit of coughing, which the former thinking mended his chance, he was induced to offer to make it two hundred and fifty pounds. This the Doctor peremptorily refusing, and being apparently seized with another attack that nearly suffocated him, G—, thinking it impossible that he could last long, agreed to make the annuity three hundred. This annuity was some time afterwards reduced to two hundred pounds, under the following circumstances. Doctor Walcot having in several of his poems unwarrantably and unjustly made his late and revered Majesty, George the Third, the subject of them, Mr. Pitt, the minister, at length most properly passed a bill through both Houses of Parliament to restrain such licentious conduct in future: for where is the difference between wounding the body and the mind? The publisher, therefore, considering that the restraint thereby imposed would militate against his profits, by abridging the sale of the work, filed a bill in chancery against the Doctor. When the Doctor was informed of G—s proceedings in chancery against him, he said to the friend who made the communication, "Poor man, I pity him! for though I should live these twenty years, it is not likely to come to a hearing!" "Aye," said his friend; "but suppose the Master of the rolls were to give a decree in G—s favor, what would you do then?" "Why," replied the Doctor, "I would appeal to the Chancellor against the decree; and if he confirmed it, I would postpone it to the next century, by lodging an appeal to the House of Lords." However, as "miracles will never cease," it so happened, that in a comparatively short time, G— obtained a decree in his favor, by which the annuity was reduced to the last mentioned sum, two hundred pounds; and, as the funds of the Doctor were not sufficient to defeat the ends of justice, in accordance with his threatened procrastination, he was compelled to submit. This decision incensed the Doctor so highly, that he vowed he would "have his revenge on G—" which he eventually accomplished, by living nearly twenty years afterwards.

Puck's Musical Memoirs.

We have been much entertained and interested with a biographical memoir of Count Rumford, read by Baron Cuvier to the Institute of France. This philosopher, whose discoveries in physics, and still more their application to economical and practical purposes, have made his name literally as "familiar as household words," was an American by birth, being born at Concord, then called Rumford, in the State of Massachusetts. The title of Count Rumford, which was given him by the Elector of Bavaria, was taken from this place; his family name was Thompson. Science includes higher objects and purer pleasures than those which are connected with our physical wants and inconveniences; but it is lucky that a philosopher now and then arises, whose scientific inventions or discoveries are so immediately directed to the relief or improvement of these, that those who care for nothing for the beauty of truth, or the pleasure of mere knowledge, may see clearer, and to them more obvious reasons for fostering science. To tell such persons of Count Rumford's discoveries as to the propagation of heat in fluids, is to speak words without meaning, but speak of him as the curer of smoky chimneys, and you elevate him to the rank of a practical philosopher; in these eyes, indeed, which have suffered from that second in dignity of domestic ills,—to that of a philanthropist. One would think Cuvier was speaking of America when he mentions "those enormous chimneys of our ancestors, in which whole trees were burnt, and which almost all smoked." Rumford, however, was not content with divorcing these ancient companions, fire and smoke; he extended his philanthropic genius to the relief of the cook, enabling her to perform the mysterious operation of roasting and stewing without partaking in the process with the aliments themselves, and with a wonderful economy of fuel. In one of his establishments three women were able to cook for a thousand men, with an expense for fuel of not twenty cents. In the hall, the kitchen and the workshop, his improvements have reduced the consumption of fuel by more than one half. A person once said to him, that he would soon be able to cook his dinner with his neighbor's smoke. By his experiments on cooking, indeed, he has made prodigious additions to the comfort of the poor; and in all civilized countries, says the writer of the Memoir, his name is connected with the most efficacious aids which industry can receive.

The field of discovery is boundless, and every well-wisher to the public must desire to see physical science, whose subservience to the most ordinary comforts has been so strikingly shown in the inventions of Count Rumford, made accessible to those who are concerned in its practical operations. This object is sought by those who have been engaged in the reform of popular education abroad. Both there and in this country it has given rise to institutions of a very useful class, which we desire to see multiplied.

Baltimore American.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1831.

## THE WOODEN BOWL.

In the valley of the Connecticut, many years since, there dwelt a venerable man by the name of Stephen Rugg. If it should be asked, "What relation he was to the celebrated Peter Rugg?" we answer positively, we cannot tell. We regret exceedingly our want of information on his point; but as vain regrets neither benefit the reader, nor help us forward with our story, we pass them by, and proceed directly to the remarkable affair of the Wooden Bowl.

The venerable Stephen Rugg, with an economy worthy of those nations who eat rice with a couple of round sticks, or of those individuals who eat vinegar with a fork, use to sup his porridge out of a wooden dish. In those days the ingenious art of turning wooden dishes or bowls by means of a lathe was not known, and the particular one, used by the venerable Stephen Rugg, was either a natural cavity formed by the umbo of a knot in the body of the oak from whence it was taken; or else it had been scooped out by the hand of the venerable Stephen himself. This is a point which we also regret we have not been able fully to ascertain.

But let that pass. The bowl was an exact gage to the appetite of its prudent owner. For fifty years had he been in the habit of regularly enjoying his porridge from this same bowl; and never in that time had he taken more or less at one meal than the exact measure of his bowlful. Having swallowed this quantity he was perfectly satisfied; he neither wanted more, nor regretted—after the fashion of many a modern gourmand—that he had not eaten less. In short, there was no vacuum in his stomach; neither was there oppression nor overloading. There was, in medical phrase, neither inanity nor distention.

And here we might make some very sage reflections on the importance of this perfect regularity in the great and paramount concern of eating. But as sage reflections of any kind are seldom read, we proceed with our story of the wooden bowl.

Having pursued this uniform course for the space of fifty years, neither eating a spoonful more nor a spoonful less, it is not at all to be wondered at that the venerable Stephen Rugg should be very much surprised when he found all at once that his stomach would not hold its accustomed bowlful. The truth is that the good old man had a roguish grandson, who lived in the house with him. And this roguish grandson—O the scape-grace!—one day having nothing else to do, took it into his head wantonly to scoop out and enlarge the venerable wooden bowl to nearly twice its former capacity. And this he continued to do without being detected by the venerable Stephen Rugg, or his equally venerable wife, Susanna Rugg.

Mrs. Susanna Rugg was as excellent and kind an old lady as ever wore leather spectacles. Her husband, out of respect to her virtues, used to call her GAMMER RUGG; and she, with reciprocal regard for his good qualities, used to call him GAFFER RUGG.

Well, the night after the wicked enlargement of the wooden bowl, the venerable Stephen Rugg, having been absent, returned in the heel of the evening, and as usual called for his smoking bowl of porridge. It was soon set before him by the kindly assiduity of Gammer Rugg. When filling the bowl, she could not help wondering how it happened that it held more than that night than on former occasions. But with all the advantage of her spectacles, she could not ascertain the cause. Nevertheless she said nothing, and the venerable Stephen Rugg began to play spoon with his accustomed activity.

But like a good and pious man as he was, he slackened his hand every now and then, to bless his stars that he had warm porridge to eat, when perhaps others in the world could not get even that which was cold. But these blessings, on account of the strength of his appetite, were necessarily short; and the frequent return of the spoon from his mouth to the bowl, and from the bowl to his mouth, kept the latter in pretty constant employment. Thus he kept lading in the porridge, slackening away at intervals, as we just now said, to bless his stars at his peculiarly good fortune, until he was admonished by his stomach that he had eaten quite enough.

There could be no question as to the correctness of this admonition, for his stomach knew from long habit, as well as any stomach in Christendom, when it had got enough. How greatly surprised then was Gaffer Rugg, when he found, that though his stomach was full, his bowl was not empty.

"My goodness!" exclaimed he "Gammer Rugg, what is all this?" tis strange! tis marvelous strange! My stomach is full, and yet here is porridge left. This beats me; I can't account for it; I never saw the like before. In fifty years that I have eat out of this bowl, it never served me thus; it was always empty the moment my stomach was full. Strange! very strange!"

In short the venerable Stephen Rugg began to be very much alarmed, and came to the very natural conclusion that the capacity of his stomach had suddenly lessened, and that to use his own forcible language, it was fast growing up. In this belief he again addressed his wife, who being half asleep in her arm chair, had not heard him before. "You! you! Gammer Rugg! I say, Gammer Rugg, can you sleep when I'm all growing up?"

"Growing up?" exclaimed the good woman, starting from her slumbers, "What's the man talking about! I'm sure, Gaffer Rugg, you've been grown up this fifty years. You was six feet high, good measure, when I married you."

"You don't understand me, Gammer Rugg," said the venerable Stephen Rugg, "what I mean is that my stomach is growing up."

"Your stomach, Gaffer Rugg! what makes you think so?"

"Why because, wife," said he, pressing his two hands on his stomach and looking with a sad countenance at the remaining porridge, "I can't eat more than half my allowance."

"You ain't well, Mr. Rugg."

"No, I'm sure I ain't, or else I could eat my allowance. I'm already as full as a tick, and here's half my porridge left. No, I'm sure I ain't well, my stomach is all growing up to nothing."

"Pshaw! pshaw! Gaffer Rugg, you must have had more porridge than usual to night," said Mrs. Rugg, endeavoring to calm the agitation of her good man.

"More porridge!" exclaimed the venerable Stephen Rugg "Oh no that cannot be—that's impossible. I only had my bowlful, which you know, good woman, has been my allowance for fifty years. No! it's as clear to me as I'm alive, that my stomach is all growing up."

"No, but, Mr. Rugg, you must surely have had more than your allowance to night, as I now recollect when I was filling your bowl."

"Pshaw! pshaw! woman—what nonsense are you talking? You know I only had my bowlful; and a bowlful is no more than a bowlful, if I understand what is what."

As this argument was unanswerable, and as Mrs. Susannah Rugg was not one of those women who are always resolved upon having the last word; and moreover as she had no suspicion of the trick played upon the ancient wooden bowl, she fell into the same belief with her husband—viz. that his stomach was fast growing up. In this belief she advised him to send immediately for the doctor. A moment's delay might prove fatal; and Ebenezer, the wanton cause of all this alarm, was desired immediately to saddle Dobbin and ride post-haste for the doctor.

The night was dark, cold and stormy, and Doctor Diaphragm lived full five miles off. Under these circumstances, the graceless rogue of a grandson, though willing to carry the joke still farther, thought the purchase would cost him too dear. He consequently demurred, and endeavored to persuade Gaffer Rugg to put off sending till morning.

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "you ungrateful rogue, have I done so much for you—have I brought you up, and fed you and clothed you, and found you in spending money, and all that? and now do you denur against going for the doctor, when my stomach is all growing up, and I can't eat my allowance? Fie! lie on you, Ebenezer!"

"Perhaps, grandfather," said Ebenezer, "it isn't your stomach that has grown less, but the bowl that has grown bigger."

At this strange suggestion the venerable Mr. Rugg lifted up his eyes to heaven with astonishment and horror. "What is that you say, Ebenezer! the bowl grown bigger! my wooden bowl, that has never varied a spoonful for fifty years! Oh! you wicked, impious young man! Do you pretend that a miracle has been wrought upon my old wooden bowl?"

"Why not a miracle wrought on the bowl as well as on your stomach, grandfather?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the honest old gentleman, a little pazed with the question. "How is it Gammer Rugg! you read the scriptures a good deal—do you think a miracle could be wrought upon my wooden bowl?"

"Why not, Gaffer Rugg?" said the good old lady, beginning to suspect there was some truth in the suggestion of Ebenezer—"Why not Gaffer

Rugg! you know stranger things have happened in the world. And I dare say this has taken place to let you know that you ought to live more bountifully than you have done."

"Well," returned the venerable Stephen Rugg, overcome by the arguments of his wife and grandson, "Well, if so be it's heaven's will, I must submit. But I'm sure, I've always eat as much as I wanted. Howsomever, as it seems to be a clear case, I'll try to get down the residue of this porridge."

With that he fell to work again, and played spoon with as much activity, as the condition of his stomach would allow; stopping between whiles to rest, and every now and then getting up and shaking down the porridge already swallowed, in order to make room for that which remained. But it would not do. "I declare," said he, "Gammer Rugg, miracle or no miracle, I can't get down a spoonful more; it's clear up to my throat now, so that I can touch it with my finger."

Mrs. Rugg, though she believed fully in the divine intimation, as expressed in the miraculous enlargement of the bowl, was not so unreasonable as to expect her good man should perform impossibilities, and therefore said very prudently, that inasmuch as it was impossible to get down another spoonful, it would be well enough to leave off where he was. That it was not worth while to undertake too much at once; that she had no manner of doubt in a short time he would be able to fulfil the intimation from above, by completely emptying the bowlful in its present miraculously enlarged state.

Accordingly the eating of the porridge was adjourned. But at each succeeding meal the bowl was filled as usual, and though it was some time before the venerable Stephen Rugg could compass his object, yet he was at length able, by taking it fair and easy and by dint of frequent shaking down, to finish the destined bowlful at a single meal.

But after all it did not set comfortably on his stomach; and he was obliged more than once to lie before the fire with his skin greased, to ease the oppression of that organ. Thus he went on from month to month, groaning under the weight of an extra load of porridge, and wondering what in heaven's name could induce the powers above to put him to all this extra expense, and drive him to the commission of suicide by mere dint of eating.

At length Ebenezer became of age, and resolved to seek his fortune at the Westward. But before bidding adieu to his venerable grandfather, whose honest face he might never behold again, he felt irresistibly prompted to confess the trick which had cost the old gentleman so much unnecessary porridge, so much extra labor in eating, and so many groans in supporting the oppression of his stomach.

"Well, Grandfather," said he, on the morning of his departure, "I wish you many years of health and prosperity; and I wouldn't advise you to eat any more porridge than what is for your comfort, for, hark here 'twas I that enlarged your wooden bowl."

"You?" exclaimed the good old man in astonishment—"was it you, Ebenezer?"

"Yes, Grandfather, it was I, and no miracle. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! after all this waste of porridge, and after almost killing myself with stuffing it down! Oh you graceless rogue, Ebenezer! Where do you think you'll go to?"

"I'm going to the Ginsees," grandfather."

"If you don't go to a worse place, I'm mistaken. But here, take my blessing along with you, for depend upon it you'll need it."

Ebenezer now had to make his peace with his grandmother. Farewell, grandmother; I wish you health and long life."

"Ah! Ezer, Ezer!" said the kind old lady, as a tear stood in the corner of her eye, "you're a wicked child, and I'm afraid you'll never come to good."

"I've got over all my bad tricks, now, grandmother."

"Have you! have you, indeed!" exclaimed the placable old lady, and rumaging in her large pocket she took out a crown-piece and gave it to her grandson. "Here, take this silver crown," said she, "for a pocket-piece, and my blessing along with it; and never undertake to meddle with any body's wooden bowl again."

Ebenezer went to the Westward; and the venerable Stephen Rugg having razed his bowl to its former dimensions, he and the excellent Mrs. Susanna Rugg spent the remnant of their lives in undisturbed peace and happiness.

\* The country bordering on Genesee River was in those days considered very far to the West.

At a Colonization meeting held in this city last week, a subscription sufficient to transport fifty emigrants was made.

## SKETCH OF BASS.

We have felt a great curiosity to know something of the personal history of that "queer fish," who figures so frequently in the Boston Transcript, under the name of Bass. But it never came into our head to suspect he could be a reverend divine and a D. D. The following sketch, which we find in the New-England Galaxy, comes very opportunely to remove our doubts, and if possible to give us a keener relish for the "Bassiana." Dr. Bass, "we shall desire your further acquaintance." We are now assured that thy puns must be orthodox. How happy are the Boston editors in having a "Levite to" their punster. But to the Sketch:—

We should have mentioned before that Bass is a regularly ordained D. D. who is daily seen in our streets, and may be known by a well powdered tie-wig, and a small cocked hat turned up with salmon-colored taffety. In cold weather he is usually accounted in russet overalls, and a knotted wrap-rascal reaching to his knee. He is just turned of sixty-five, enjoys a rude health, sports a good calf, which he is fond of displaying in fine weather, and is particularly fond of leap frog, in which innocent game he often joins at an early hour on a fine summer morning. The delicate peach blossom tint on his cheek, the goodly proportions of his stomach, and above all, the ruby hue that lights the tip of his nasal protuberance, are satisfactory proofs that he derives peculiar satisfaction from the fat of the land, and that he occasionally sips the nectar of the ruddy grape. The Reverend Dr. Bass, as our readers will suppose, is the life and soul of every circle which he joins, and though he occasionally indulges in a vein of pointed satire, at the expense of those who sacrifice all to the enjoyments of the board, yet he rarely serenades his hearers into a doze. In the pulpit he is as eloquent as he is lively and agreeable in the ordinary walks of life.

But it is not our purpose to write an eulogy upon the character of this amiable and accomplished divine; we started with the design of quoting some of the apt sayings which it was our good luck to hear as they fell from his lips.

Somebody read a paragraph in a Connecticut paper about a clergyman in Norwich who on reaching the pulpit found that half his sermon was missing, in consequence of the manuscripts becoming unsewed. "That," remarked Bass, with a good-humored smile, "is what you would call *losing the thread of a discourse*."

When Major Mann was assaulted by one Pope, on his way across the Springfield Bridge last summer, the country prints abounded with paragraphs on the subject. Bass was reading one of them in an Insurance office, when a friend inquired what he found interesting in the newspapers. "O," replied the war, "I have just been looking at a new edition of *Pope's Essay on man*."

There was an oysterman fined two dollars and fifty cents for throwing his shells into the street.—He averred it was a hard case. "He should have been reminded," observed Bass with his usual readiness, "that he got his living out of *hard cases*, and he would have *shelled out* with less reluctance."

Bass was told the other day, that a new remedy for Intemperance had been discovered in the shape of a plaster to be applied to the stomach. "Oh," exclaimed Bass,—you mean I suppose, a *corn-plaster*."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—At a meeting recently held in Boston in favour of abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, John W. Whitman, Esq. related the following circumstance:—

A citizen of Boston, whose name was at the service of those present, put a man into jail for debt. During his confinement, his family was left in a helpless and distressed condition, his industry being their only means of support.—During the lather weather, while his wife & children were suffering both for food and fuel, she went herself to the creditor, and conjured him to release her husband. He told her in reply,—"*I'll keep him in jail three years*." The wretched woman returned home in despair—sold the last article of furniture she possessed—bought poison, and is now in the grave.

MARRYING THE SEA. It was formerly a custom in Venice, that the Doge should be annually married to the Sea. In performing the ceremony, he dropped a gold ring from the stern of a ship, and said, "We espouse thee, O sea! in sign of our perpetual dominion over thee." Why it was thought necessary to perform the ceremony annually we are not informed. But we cannot help thinking what a roaring, rolling, raging, tumbling, turbulent, tempestuous wife his Dogeship must have had.

MR. COOPER. The Charleston, S. C. Mercury says Mr. Cooper has just finished a very successful engagement at New-Orleans, where he made a decided hit in Falstaff, a character entirely out of his line.



**GREENWOOD AND DRY WOOD.** A countryman driving a load of wood into Providence with an ox-team, and staring about upon every side of him, chanced to observe the name of Greenwood on one of the signs; and taking it in the literal sense, he thought there might be an opportunity of disposing of his load of dry wood at the same place. "Whoa haw!" said he, "come up here, Buck—how to, Jerry! why don't you come along here? didn't you never see a grocery afore? What the darn are ye afeard on, you tarnal fools, you! Whoa-a-a! I say—there stand, will ye, till I go in and ax." With that he stept up to the door and knocked smartly with his long hickory gad—"Holloa! Mister—holloa! the store!"—Out comes the storekeeper. "Can't I trade with ye to-day—what'll ye gi' me for this load o' wood—good dry wood as ever was crackled—say, what'll ye gi' me for it?"

"I'm not particularly in want of wood," said the storekeeper.

"Why, 'tis true," said the countryman pointing to the name on the sign, "I observe you've got Greenwood here, and didn't know but you'd like a little dry to burn with it."

**DEAN SWIFT.** It is recorded by the biographers of this great but eccentric man, that William III. offered him a troop of horse, and, what is still more important, showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way. He also seems to have taught him by his royal example, how to eat the same vegetable with true Dutch economy. The following anecdote is related by Sir Walter Scott in his *Life of the Dean*:

"Alderman George Faulkner, of Dublin, the well known bookseller, happening one day to dine in company with Dr. Lealand, the historian, the conversation adverted to the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's, Faulkner, who was the Dean's Printer and publisher on many occasions, mentioned that one day being detained late at the Deanery-house, in correcting some proof-sheets for the press, Swift made the worthy alderman stay to dinner. Among other vegetables, asparagus formed one of the dishes.—The Dean helped his guest, who shortly again called upon his host to be helped a second time; when the Dean, pointing to the alderman's plate—"Sir, first finish what you have on your plate."—"What, Sir, eat my stalks?"—"Ay, Sir, King William always eats the stalks!"—"And, George," replied the historian, "were you blockhead enough to obey him?"—"Yes, Doctor, and if you had dined with Dean Swift *tete-a-tete*, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too!"

**FOREIGN.** The Ex-Ministers of France have been sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. Considerable excitement took place among the Parisian populace during their trial; a strong body of National Guards was stationed for their defence; and when the alarm was greatest, Gen. Lafayette repaired to their place of confinement, demanded a bed in the prison, and said he would not quit it until the sanctuary of the laws was observed. Happily no serious consequences ensued, and all was quiet at the last dates.

Lafayette has resigned his command of the National Guards. Several of the Ministers had also resigned their places.

Madeira de Gaudis, the distinguished authoress, died lately, at the age of eighty-six.

The five principal powers of Europe have acknowledged the independence of Belgium.

**ETYMOLOGY OF ELY.** The Isle of Ely, as we learn from an old author, received its name from the circumstance of many of the married clergy residing there, who, refusing to put away their wives, it was given out by the monks, that they and their families were transformed into *elys*; which story was not too absurd to gain belief in the dark ages, and thence the Isle of *Ely* obtained its name.

**THEATRICALS.** Two new pieces, from over the water, have been brought out within a few days at the Park Theatre; viz. *The Carnival at Naples*, and *The Force of Nature*. *Cinderella* still continues attractive, and is played every night to as good houses as the long continued *Leighlin*, and the consequent exhausted condition of pockets, will admit. *The Water Witch*, founded on Cooper's Novel, is in rehearsal.

Master Burke is delighting and astonishing the Bostonians to such a degree, that the half of those who wish to witness his performance cannot find seats.

**GREAT ECLIPSE.** We yesterday observed the new-moon in our streets, offering for sale an account of the great eclipse which takes place to-day. The "thing" was pretty well got up, and we trust the eclipse will go off without disappointing purchasers.

**LITERARY.** Messrs. J. & J. Harpers have just published a novel entitled *"The Heiress of Bruges; a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred."* By Thomas Colley Grattan, Author of *"Highways and Byways," "Traits of Travel," &c."* We have merely had time to glance at the work, and therefore are not prepared to pronounce very decisively on its merits; but the little we have read gives a favorable opinion of its contents.

#### PERSONAL BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

The opinion that virtue is almost uniformly connected with personal beauty, and that vice is the inseparable companion of deformity, is so generally received that it may seem somewhat paradoxical to deny it. This opinion, however, derives not a little of its force from the practice of fictitious writers, who, to suit their own purposes, and not because it is true in real life, generally endow their good characters with every external grace, and make their bad ones conspicuous for all kinds of personal ugliness. This view of human nature is insensibly adopted in our actual intercourse with the world, and we look for qualities of mind corresponding to those of body. If we meet a person of handsome exterior, we immediately conclude that he is virtuous, but should his appearance be deformed, he must, forsooth, be cursed with all the vices of humanity.

Opinions formed with so much haste and want of discrimination, must often prove erroneous, and we are thus put to the mortification of having our judgment brought into question and being compelled to acknowledge ourselves mistaken. It becomes, then an important and interesting subject to inquire into the causes which operate in misleading us in our estimation of the relative connexion of mind and body—of person and character.

In the first place, if personal beauty does not give occasion to a virtuous life, but is rather an incentive to vice and dissipation, we have negative proof in favor of ugliness. Now a person of great beauty, has that of which he thinks he may be vain. This vanity leads him to bestow much time and attention upon superficial accomplishments—he becomes finical, and desirous of passing for a man of fashion, between which and dissipation is but a short step. The handsome man will not cultivate morality, for to him it is a troublesome virtue, and does not go to adorn his person, but he who has not the strong temptation of beauty to lead him into pleasure's gay path, has opportunity to cultivate the sober virtues, and since he cannot change the form and features which nature has given him, he will not waste time upon so useless a labor, but will endeavor rather to remedy the defects of person by bestowing greater attention upon the improvement of the mind.

A handsome face is indeed desirable on many accounts—it gives its possessor a consciousness of superiority—it insures him a favorable reception wherever he comes—and like charity, "it covers a multitude of sins." Queen Elizabeth has said that a handsome face is a letter of recommendation. An ugly pliz, on the contrary, is the testimony of Nature against its wearer; & without some superior accomplishments of mind, he is the object of neglect—often of ridicule and contempt. To obviate these, he cultivates those virtues which entitle him to the esteem of his friends, while the handsome man, relying on his letter of recommendation alone, soon sinks into comparative insignificance.

Virtue, in the ugly man, appears like a precious stone, more brilliant when plain set. When we see a handsome form, we expect with Socrates, to see it animated by a beautiful soul. In finding it there, we find no more than we expected—we are struck with no pleasurable surprise, and eclipsed by the dazzling covering, we take no notice of the hidden gem. On the contrary, no one associates the idea of virtue with personal deformity—we think that what nature has made so rough and irregular on the outside, she has taken as little pains to complete within. Thus, when we meet with virtue in an uncomely person, we meet with what we did not look for—it strikes us with agreeable surprise, and from its unexpected appearance, receives new and additional lustre. What an inducement, then, has the ugly man to adorn himself with mental charms—charms that appear the more resplendent in contrast with his personal deformities.

Beauty has ever been compared to a flower that quickly fades. To preserve it, the handsome man gives himself a thousand petty anxieties—he cherishes it with unrelenting care, and dreads the approach of every thing that would deprive him of it. The bare mention of the measles or the small-pox, is enough to fill him for a month with fear—not for his life, but for that without which

life to him is not worth living for. But the ugly man gives himself no uneasiness on account of his ugliness—little reckes he whether it flourishes in all its deformity or decays amid the ravages of time and disease—his thoughts are employed on objects of higher moment—his treasure is laid up within, where the moth cannot corrupt. Thus beauty is a continual torment—an endless trouble—while ugliness is a never-failing source of satisfaction and enjoyment.

How enviable is his lot, who, endowed by Nature—"a giver of every good"—with ugliness most ugly, never bestows a thought on his outer man, except to contrast it with the inner—never contemplates his deformities in a glass, but to smile at them, and to rejoice that they are such as not to detain him in so unprofitable an exercise. Handsome persons whose chief employment consists in "sacrificing to the Graces," are at a loss to conceive how an ugly man can pass his time—how indeed, he can sleep at nights without being disturbed by dreams of his ugliness. But little does that beauty know of true happiness, who imagines it can thus be affected by outward circumstances—as well might the sweet pulp of the orange be embittered by its peel, or the milk of the cocoa partake of the qualities of the rind.

Handsome persons have indeed the show of happiness, but are too often like "whited sepulchers" fair without but hollow and deceitful within. But an ugly pliz, like the rude misshapen sign over a country tavern, denotes abundance of hospitality and good cheer. It is the occasion of much exulting wit to the wearer himself, and the cause of it to others.

Have you a broad face, say that you are not given to overmuch talking, and therefore the fibres of your visage are not elongated like some people by a constant distension of the jaws. Have you a round physiognomy? It is the very picture of the Jolly God's, and expresses openness of heart and good humor. Have you a long nose? Tell your friends that as no one will sound your praise, you blow your own trumpet before you. Is your nasal organ short or diminutive? Say that you are not so likely to be led by the nose, as they whose nasal process gives a handle to others. Have you any defects of form, are you crooked, round shouldered, or hump-backed? Observe that some artists have taken you as the model for their Apollos. Should you be clump-footed or lame? Say that in this respect, yourself and Lord Byron, or Sir Walter, are on the same footing. Are your lips thick, your nose flat, and your hair short and crispy? Assure your friends that in many parts of the world you would pass for a perfect beauty. In short whatever may be your defects or deformities, you can turn them to good account, by being merry and facetious upon them yourself. Never suffer others to perceive that your ugliness gives you a moment's uneasiness, use a little philosophy on the subject, and what to them may seem a curse, to you will prove—if not a positive blessing—at least a negative affliction.

#### THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS CHEESE.

A Dutchman, it is well known, adheres tenaciously to the manners and customs of his ancestors. He wears the same style of dress his grand-father and great-grand-father wore before him, smokes his pipe in the same way that they did and travels the same old roads in spite of the modern inventions of canals and turnpikes. This trait of character is exemplified in the following incident, which a friend of ours used to relate of one Hans Van Vogerman.

Among other points which Hans prided himself upon, was that of cutting his cheese in a smooth, even shape, so that none of the precious article should be crumbled or wasted. The Van Vogermans had all cut their cheese in the self same way, and the art had been handed down from sire to son, from the earliest generation. When Hans at length became the father of a family, this delicate operation was always performed by his own hand, though sometimes by way of instruction, his eldest boy was permitted to supply his place.

Hans had a mortal antipathy to the Yankees, but it so happened that one of these daring interlopers had purchased a piece of land in the vicinity, of which Hans was desirous of becoming the possessor. Hans accordingly invited the Yankee to dine with him, hoping before they parted to conclude a bargain for the land. Among other dainties provided by Hans, was one of the identical cheeses his grand-father had brought from Holland and which were set on the table only upon great occasions. His guest soon fell to work on the choice treasure, hacking it away, chip by chip, as though it were a mere block of wood.

Hans—poor Hans!—looked on for a long time,

in silent grief and consternation. Such a sight his eyes had never before witnessed, so cruel a fate had no cheese ever suffered under his roof. His sense of propriety, his feeling of ancestral veneration, were violated, shocked, profaned. The portraits of his fathers seemed to frown down upon him, the ghosts of the departed cheeses appeared to rise up before him and demand expiation for so sacrilegious an offence. Hans could refrain himself no longer, he laid aside his knife and fork, swallowed a mouth-full of food unmasticated, & with tears trickling to the very promontory of his nose, thus addressed the Yankee.

"Mynheer Van Yankee!" said he, "hear vat I tell you, I have perrit my fader—I have perrit my modder—I have lost two of mine shildren—I have had many troubles and afflictions in my life time, but I tell you I have never suffered any thing, so horrible as to see you murder mine cheese."

The Yankee apologized, the Dutchman refused to accept of any apology and the bargain for the land was never concluded.

[For the Constellation.]

**FLATTERY.** People are less averse to flattery than to the flatterer. It is the greatestness of flattery that offends—No one but is accessible to artfully-directed praise. We look through the small end of the telescope to note the failings of others, but invert the glass when we would observe our own. Self is a deity that receives our constant adulation, so that the repeated assertions of others at length come to persuade one of the truth of what his loftiest arrogance had sooner presumed on before; but the deception misleads neither be too indolent at first, nor strike with too full a glare, otherwise it defeats itself. The appellation of angel could hardly enhance the vanity of a Venus; yet many a Jove of magnificent physiognomy will listen complacently to a compliment on her symmetrical form or fine hazel eye. The rhyme of "airy notions" is wrought up to the conviction that such exuberance of fancy never sprouted, even in the cerebral hemispheres of Mercury; the spouting debater, "in the pride of his heart," snaps his bowstring asunder, and proudly imagines he has shot "the arrows of conviction" into the souls of his hearers. Even the great Cicero fancied himself "the saviour of his country;" yet his country could not save him. Select your point d'appui, the weak side, and you give reality to the fondest aspirations. Set a man on the right hobby-horse, and he will ride to—

**VIRTUE.** Virtue, to be truly estimable, must be cultivated with sedulity in youth. The reformation of age is almost a negative term, for when passion is extinguished vice loses its allurements, and costs no sacrifice to be abandoned. They who rail indiscriminately at every ebullient of conduct incident to early years, should lay to heart the fable of the fox and grapes.

**TYRANNY.** A disposition to play the tyrant is a true index of cowardice and pusillanimity. Such was the character of Dionysius of Syracuse. If we remark the progress of the most memorable and sanguinary revolutions of ages gone by, we may trace the causes more in the weak and mistaken notions of the sovereign, than in the genius of the people. No Prince who maintains an ascendancy over his subjects by virtue of the axe and the halber, has any guaranty for the perpetuation of his authority. Power may inflame him with vanity, but the dagger soon lets it out, and his name perishes with his "little brief authority."

[For the Constellation.]

#### PHEDRUS I. 1.

A wolf and lamb it chanced, once journeying met,  
Compelled by thirst, at the same rivulet.  
The wolf stood uppermost, and distant down  
The tender lamb; when with a fearful frown  
The fork-toothed monster, so the beasts aver,  
This parley held with his fellow traveller.

"Why trouble thou this shining stream while I  
Essay to drink?" When thus in mild reply  
The animal languorous: "Nay but see  
The streamlet flows direct from thee to me,"  
Repelled by truth he says, "but then I know  
Thou vilely slanderest me six months ago."  
"Indeed," returns the lamb, "I was not born."  
"By Hercules, thy father then with scorn  
Spoke ill of me," the wolf rejoins, and "therefore  
With thy warm blood I'll slake my vengeance."

Wherefore  
With furious paw the hapless lamb he seizes,  
And forthwith rends it in a thousand pieces.

ZETA.

**Ancient Pike.**—In the year 1897, a pike was caught in standing water, at Heilbronn on the Neckar, which had a copper ring round its head; the ring bore the following inscription in Greek: "I am the first fish that launched into this pond, and was thrown in by Frederic the Second, Emperor of the Romans, on the fifth of October, 1230." It appears, therefore, that the pike was two hundred and sixty-seven years old when thus caught; it weighed three hundred and fifty pounds; and an exact representation of it exists to this day against one of the gates of Heilbronn.

## POETRY.

## BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is!  
Kape me from such all the days of my life!  
Sure, but I think what a bournin' disgrace it is,  
Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old Bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,  
Placing his taylor over the fire;  
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough  
(If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Now, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,  
(Awkward enough) see him kneading his dough;  
Troth! if the bread he could eat without swallowing,  
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing, the pigs are devouring it;  
In the pursuit he has battered his shin—  
A plate want-a washin', grinnin' is securing it;  
Tander and turl, what a pickle he's in!

Pots, dishes and pans, such greasy commodities,  
Ashes and prater-skims kiver the floor;  
His cupboard's a stor-house of comical oddities,  
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, his table's left setting so;  
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can!  
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so;  
Och! let him alone for a taste of a man!

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiverin',  
Never the bit is the bed made at all;  
He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin'—  
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

Limerick Paper.

Dame Fortune is a fickle gypsy,  
And always blind, and often tipsy;  
Sometimes, for years and years together,  
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,  
Bestowing humor, pudding, peace,  
You can't imagine why or whence;  
Then in a moment—presto pass!  
Your joys are withered like the grass;  
You find your constitution vanish  
Almost as quickly as the Spanish;  
The murrain spoils your fleeces and fleeces,  
The dry rot pulls your house to pieces,  
Your garden raises only weeds,  
Your agent steals your title deeds,  
Your banker's failure sums the city,  
Your father's will makes Sudden witty,  
Your daughter, in her beauty's bloom,  
Goes off to Gretna with the groom,  
And you, a good man, are left alone  
To battle with the gout and stone.

## ON MATRIMONY.

Tina praised his friend, who changed his state,  
For leaving fast himself and Kate  
In union so divine.  
"Well, well," the end of life," he cried;  
"Two true, alas!" said Jack, and sighed—  
"Twill be the end of mine!"

## IMPROMPTU.

On a very beautiful Young Lady wearing Spectacles.  
These brilliant suns can kill or cure,  
As well as eyes of other ladies—  
Then since their rays will search too sure,  
Ah, why the aid of burning glasses?

## IMPROMPTU.

On the Blindness of Milton.  
When Milton's eye ethereal light first drew,  
Earth's gross and cumbersome objects check'd his view;  
Quick, to remove these barriers from his mind,  
Nature threw wide the expanse, and struck him blind.  
To him a nobler vision then was given—  
He closed his eyes on earth, to look on heaven!

## VARIETY.

Anecdote of Burns. Burns was one day at a cattle market held in a town in Cumberland, and in the bustle that prevails on these occasions, he lost sight of some of his respected "cronies." He pushed to a tavern, opened the room door, and merely looked, till at last he came to one in which three jolly Cumberland blades were enjoying themselves. As he withdrew his head one of them shouted, *Come in, Johnny Peep*. Burns obeyed the call, seated himself at the table, and in a short time was the life and soul of the party. In the course of their merriment, it was proposed that each should write a stanza of poetry, put it with half a crown below the candlestick, with this stipulation, that the best poet was to have his half crown returned, while the other three were to be expended to treat the party. What the others wrote has now sunk into oblivion, but the stanza of the Ayrshire ploughman ran as follows:—

Here am I Johnny Peep;  
I saw three sheep;  
And these three sheep saw me:  
Half a crown a-piece  
Will pay for their fleece,  
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

A roar of laughter followed, and while the palm of victory was unanimously voted to Burns, one of the Englishmen exclaimed, "In God's name, who are you?" An explanation ensued, and the happy party did not separate the same day they met.

Royal Anecdote. On the landing of Charles Capel, Ex-King of France, at Newhaven, in Scotland, a jolly fish-wife pressed forward, pushing every one aside, until she reached the Ex-King, whom she grasped by the hand and shook it heartily, saying, "Oh, I'm happy to see ye again among decent folk." Charles smiled, and asked her name, when she replied "My name is Kristy Ramsay, sir, and mony a guid fish I hae gien ye; and mony a good shillin' I got for't, thirty years sin aye." The party immediately drove off to Holyrood House.

Story of a Governor. We have recently heard the following story of one of the Governors of the States; His Excellency was doing the honors of Lafayette's reception in a splendid room fitted up for the interesting occasion. He had been as little accustomed a carpet, as to the countryman who walked round it on the floor; but treated it with much less respect. His Excellency was an inordinate chewer of tobacco, and had a most juicy mouth, which he emptied with but little ceremony on the rich Turkey carpet, whose splendors were unfolded for the reception of the Nation's Guest. The servants in attendance looked upon the disgrace to which their favorite furniture was thus subjected, with silent sorrow, but with many a significant gesture, which no one but a tobacco-chewer could fail to understand. The Governor did not take their hints, and the shining receptacle, destined in every decent establishment, for the accommodation of such gentlemen as his Excellency, was pushed round and round for his notice, until he could avoid it no longer without turning his back on the honored object of his country's gratitude. His temper became a little excited by the acting of a pantomime before him, which he did not understand. He only chewed the harder, and poured forth the odoriferous saliva in increased quantities. At last with much impatience, he exclaimed to the servant, "If you don't take that there thing away, I'll spit in it."

Georgia Courier.

An Unnatural and Inhuman Son. We heard a statement made from a pulpit in this city a short time since, which made our blood run cold, and the bare recollection of which makes us shudder.—What monsters men can make themselves! It was stated by the speaker, in a manner to leave no doubt of his sincerity, that he had recently been called to minister to the necessities of an aged female, who lay in an entry or passage to a garret, the light to which was only admitted by removing two shingles in the roof. Her neighbor, a female, who was a little more favored than herself by having a room in the garret, was the only friend to whom she could call for assistance, and she was merely able to crawl occasionally to her side to hand her a cup of cold water, which a high fever made an invaluable blessing. Yet this poor, helpless, and aged woman is the widow of a merchant who has traded on a capital of near half a million of dollars, and whose son at this time is an eminent and flourishing merchant, rolling in splendid affluence in a neighboring city. We regret that the name of the unfeeling wretch was not mentioned; such monsters should be held up to the abhorrence and execration of mankind.

Phil Saturday Evening Bulletin.

Pigalle. It would be difficult to find an anecdote recorded more honorable to the benevolence of an artist, indeed of any name, than the following:—Pigalle, the celebrated sculptor, who had laid by twelve *louis d'ors* for a journey from Lyons to Paris, seeing a man who was walking with visible marks of deep-laid sorrow in his countenance, accosted him, and asked if he could in any way relieve him. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the stranger, "for want of ten *lou*, I must be dragged this evening to a prison, and be separated from my dear wife and helpless children." "Is that all?" said the humane artist; "follow me: I can command the sun you want, and it shall be at your service." A friend who met him next day, asked if he had relieved the distress of this poor man, as was publicly reported in Lyons. "Yes, friend," said Pigalle, "and what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese, with his family, who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, and every mouthful was moistened with tears of their gratitude!"

Standing a Shot. Kean, from an early manhood, has had an internal complaint—for which he has always been his own physician, and prescribed that sovereign balm called "brandy," from which he generally finds relief—at least it always proves an "alternative." While lately travelling from London to Belfast, on quitting the coach at the Donegal Arms, he missed his sovereign balm, and called out to the Irish waiter, to search the lately abdicated vehicular conveyance, as he had left his "pocket pistol" behind. "The devil a pistol can I find," cried the searching Bibernian, "or any thing else but this; producing a leather covered corm." "Why, that's it, you blockhead," exclaimed Kean, suiting the action to the word, and tasting to be convinced. Pat scented the cordial, and laughing, cried, "Do you call that a pistol, sir? Why, then, faith, though I'm a peaceable man, I wouldn't mind standing a shot or two of that pistol myself."

A trial of memory. A person was boasting, in Foote's presence, of the extraordinary faculty with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines of prose, which he would be ready to repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. Wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following:—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, paws its head into the shop. What, no soap?" he died, and she very imprudently married the bear; and there were present the Picninnies, at the Joebillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defied memory, and the wit won his wager.

A knowing Lad. A schoolmaster in Connecticut, while examining a boy from Rhode Island in his catechism, asked the following question: "How many Gods are there?" The boy after scratching his head some time, replied—"I don't know how many you've got in Connecticut—but we have none in Rhode Island."

Baltimore Minerva.

The Characteristic Termination. A Chinese observer remarks that the lie is to be found in composition with all the descriptions of periodical writings in England, as expressive of the prevailing practice. There are, he says, the day-lie papers; the week-lie papers; the month-lie publications, and the quarter-lie reviews. He asserts that incessantly, instantly, curiously, magnificently, stupendously, certainly, surely, &c., are all compounds of the same word, as he always traces the lie in their use, and finds them resolvable into incessant lie; instant lie; curious lie; magnificent lie; stupendous lie; certain lie; sure lie. To these he adds as striking examples kingly and ministerially, or, as he writes them, the king lie and ministerial lie. He remarks that the lie is the grand termination of English discourse; and conjectures that mendacity is derived from the common practice of men,—an error showing at least his ignorance of Latin and of the origin of words, however right he may be in his estimate of the import of our language.

London Examiner.

Bassiana. On the road to Worcester, there is a piece of fence made of the jaws of an old meeting house. Bass, happening to ride by this fence, looked at it with astonishment, and exclaimed, *Præputium!*

A little girl, by the name of Lilley, fell down in the snow a few days since. Bass, who was passing at the time, helped her up.—Another girl said to Bass, Sir, you have picked up a *lily*. "I should rather think," replied Bass, "that it was a *snout-drip*."

Bass was so unfortunate, the other day, as to get a fall himself. A young man, a painter by trade, helped him up. Bass turned to him and said, "Sir, I well knew that you was a skilful painter; but I did not know, before, that you were so good at *Bass-relief*."

A person asking this morning, what the Editor of the Transcript meant, by wishing a newly married couple "The blessing of the vine branch," Bass replied, he "presumed it meant, that they might have plenty of *suckers*."

Boston Traveller.

A Curiosity. A neighbor has brought into our office, a silver snuff-box, in weight equivalent to about four dollars and a quarter of an oblong form, which was personally presented by Gen. George Washington, in the year 1781, to Shennandoah, the last Chief of the Onondas. On the lid is the following inscription, beautifully engraven:—

"This Box  
was the gift of  
Gen. George Washington,  
to  
Shennandoah,  
last Chief of the  
Onondas,  
1781."

By some strange process, with which, however, we are unacquainted, it seems after wards to have become the property of the town of Manlius, N. Y.; for on the back side of the box is the following:—

"The Trustees of the Village of  
Manlius,  
H. C. De Boer, Esq.  
Dec. 20th, 1825."

A few days since, the owner of the box, by reason, we understand, of some reverses of fortune, was obliged to leave it in pledge for a small sum of money, in this city. It has since been purchased by a young gentleman, who will be careful to preserve it.

Boston Trav.

Lord Stowell has for a length of time been so great an invalid as to be unable to leave his chamber.—This accomplished nobleman the friend and associate of Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Donning, Gibson, the Whartons, Sir Wm. Jones, Dr. Farmer, Stevens, Malone, Charles Fox, Sir John Hawkins, Arthur Murphy, the Bishop of Dro-more, Sheridan, Windham, Canning, and all the eminent statesmen and men of genius who have lived during the last sixty years,—and may be said to be the last surviving member among these who belonged to the Literary Club at its first establishment; he is also the surviving executor of Dr. Johnson.

A tame Toad. We know an eccentric and intelligent Irish gentleman, who carried a toad from Scotland across the Irish Channel, to prove to his countrymen, that it would live in Ireland, in spite of the exorcism of St. Patrick. This toad lived with him several years, and grew so tame, that it would come of its own accord to be fed. Its favorite food was earth worms and slugs. During the winter it regularly disappeared, secreting itself, no doubt, in some convenient retreat during its hibernation. When the weather became warm again, in spring, it never failed to appear, and sometimes even returned into the parlor to announce its return.

Verdum.

Crystallized Chandeliers. Are you aware that various salts, such as the sulphate of alum, potash, and vitrol, are susceptible of being crystallized into the form of chandeliers. To the scientific and curious this may be a matter worthy of their attention. There are two lit up every evening at the United States Hotel, where they may be seen by every one. As an article of economy, I should say they were of much value, I understand they may be furnished 50 per cent cheaper than Glass; they display a great deal of brilliancy when lit up, and compare in that particular with the finest cut glass.

Chemist.

Extracts from Letters of Lord Byron, just published in the second volume of his Life, by T. Moore.

Description of an Execution. "The day before I left Rome, I saw three robbers guillotined. The ceremony—including the masked priests, the half-naked executioners; the bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner, the scaffold; the soldiery; the slow procession; and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood, and the ghastliness of the exposed heads—is altogether more impressive than the vulgar and ungraciously dirty 'new drop' and dog-like agony of infliction upon the sufferers of the English sentence. Two of these men behaved calmly enough, but the first of the three did with great terror and reluctance. What was very horrible, he would not lie down; then his neck was too large for the aperture, and the priest was obliged to draw his exertions by still louder exclamations. The head was off before the eye could trace the blow; but from an attempt to draw back the head, notwithstanding it was held forward by the hair, the first head was cut off close to the ears; the other two were taken off more slowly. It is better than the criminal way, and (I should think) than the axe of our ancestors. The pain seems little, and yet the effect to a spectator, and the preparation to the criminal, is very striking and chilling. The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shiver so I could hardly hold the opera glass; (I was close, but was determined to see, as one should see every thing once, with attention)—the second and third, (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferant) I was ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, tho' I would have saved them if I could."

Byron's opinion of the poetry of the day. "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that the and all of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, &c.—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong & voluntary poetical system, or system, not worth a damn in itself, and from which both the present and next generations will wish to get quit. I am the more confirmed in this, by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way.—I took Mr. Pope's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's; and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so), and mortally with the infinite distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and in relation, between the Queen Anne's poem and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. And let's the rest, but let us be a little more and impudent subject, and a little more retired upon half pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

Professor Porson. "I remember to have seen Professor Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our College, and in private parties, but not frequently; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both. I mean in an evening, for in the hall he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared, often in his demeanor, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public—common, college or chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of under-graduates, many of them freshmen and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intemperance was that of Boetius, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sally, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most brutal, as far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Becket's (the Nubian discoverer's) rooms. I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the 'Coddler of Messina' insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reproach. He was tolerated in this state among the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a mad-mum inspired, and born with him. He used to come, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and I could never speak Greek like a idiot; and, certainly, sports never showed her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication."

Prayer punished by flogging. The following extract from a letter from the West Indies, dated June 15, 1830, (from Jamaica we believe,) which we have received from a correspondent on whom we can depend, will, we doubt not, arouse the indignation of every individual who reads it:—"A few days ago, a member in one of our churches was publicly flogged with a cart-whip, and afterwards worked in chains, simply, and for nothing else, but praying to his God in a place of public worship, and that too, after his owner had given him permission to attend his chapel; but this would not serve him. There is a law here, that no slave, or free person of color, shall be allowed to preach; and the magistrate who presided on the occasion would insist upon it that preaching and praying were the same; and consequently, as no slave is allowed to speak a word about his God, he must be flogged, and flogged he was; and then with a chain about his neck, worked in the public streets as an example to other transgressors who might be so wicked as to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

London Free Press.

Origin of the word Lady. Formerly, when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, once a week or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *Leff day*, that is in the Saxon, the *bread giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies of G. Britain alone serve the meat at their own table.

Sundays. At the Court of Exchequer, a case was decided in the latter part of November, in which the payment of a bill of exchange was objected to on account of its having been drawn and accepted on Sunday. Baron Garrow observed, that the statute did not apply to all work done on Sundays—the object of it was to prohibit persons from following their ordinary occupations—that a servant might be lawfully hired on Sunday. This bill, he said, came within the "works of necessity," and was therefore valid.

A punster remarks that although all the Magistrates have exhibited great activity in attempting to discover the authors of the fires such occurrences come peculiarly within the province of Sir Richard Birnie.



## ANECDOTES OF WOMEN.

By the Author of American Anecdotes.

MRS. JACOB MOTTE.

When compelled by painful duty, Lieut. Colonel Lee informed Mrs. Motte, "that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable," she instantly replied, "the sacrifice of my property is nothing; and I shall view its destruction with delight, if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country." In proof of her sincerity, she immediately presented the arrows by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

MRS. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

An order having been issued for a general illumination, to celebrate the supposed victory at Guilford, the front of the house occupied by Mrs. Heywood and her sister, Mrs. George Abbot Hall, remained in darkness. Indignant at so decided a mark of disrespect, an officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heywood, "how dare you disobey the order which has been issued? why, madam, is not your house illuminated?" "Is it possible for me, sir," replied the lady, with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine?" "That," rejoined the officer, "is a matter of little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Greene; you shall illuminate!" "Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window in the house." "Then, madam, I will return with a party, and before midnight level it to the ground."—"You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well-disposed to use it; but over my opinions you possess no control. Disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare I will not illuminate!" Mrs. Heywood was graceful and majestic in person, beautiful in countenance, angelic in disposition; none but a ruffian could have treated her with indignity. On the anniversary of the surrender of Charleston, May 12th, 1781, an illumination was again demanded, in testimony of joy for an event so propitious to the cause of Britain. Mrs. G. A. Hall, who labored under a wasting disease, lay at the point of death. Again Mrs. Heywood refused to obey. Violent anger was excited, and the house was assailed by a mob with bricksbats, and every species of nauseating trash that could offend or annoy. Her resolution remained unshaken, and while the tumult continued, and shouts and clamor increased indignity, Mrs. Hall expired.

MRS. REBECCA EDWARDS.

The Orator of the Society of the Cincinnati of South Carolina, at the celebration of the National Festival on the 4th of July, 1797, thus extols the magnanimity of Mrs. Rebecca Edwards:—"The Spartan mother delivered her shield to her son departing for the army, nobly bade him 'Return with it or upon it.' The sentiment was highly patriotic, but surely not superior to that which animated the bosom of a distinguished female of our own State, who, when the British officer presented the mandate which arrested her sons as objects of retaliation, less sensible of private affliction, than attached to their honor, and the interests of her country, stifled the tender feelings of the mother, and heroically bade them despite the threats of their enemies, and steadfastly persist to support the glorious cause in which they had engaged. That if the threatened sacrifice should follow, they would carry a parent's blessing, and the good opinion of every virtuous citizen to the grave. But if, from the frailty of human nature, (of the possibility of which she would not suffer an idea to enter her bosom,) they were disposed to temporize, and exchange their liberty for safety, they must forget her as a mother, nor subject her to the misery of ever beholding them again."

MISS MARY ANNA GIBBS.

During the invasion of Povost, while the British army kept possession of the sea-board, a Hessian battalion occupied the house and plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbs, on the banks of the Stono. To excite general alarm, and more particularly to annoy the post, two galleys from Charleston, ascending the river in the night time, unexpectedly opened a heavy fire of grape and round shot on the house and neighboring encampment. The family, who had been allowed to remain in some of the upper apartments, were now ordered to quit the premises; and Mr. Gibbs, a martyr to infamy, and his numerous family, set out at midnight for an adjoining plantation. When beyond the reach of the shot, which had incessantly passed over the heads of the party, an inquiry being made respecting the safety of the children, it was found, that in the hurry and terror of the moment, a distant relation, a boy as yet in early infancy, had been left behind. The servants were entreated to return for him, but refused; and he must have been left to his fate, had not the heroism and affection of Miss MARY ANNA GIBBS, then but thirteen years old, inspired her with courage to fly to his rescue. The darkness of the night was profound, yet she returned alone, the distance being fully a mile; and after a long refusal, having by tears and entreaties, obtained admission from the sentinel, ascended to the third story. There she found the child, and carried him off in safety, though frequently covered with the dirt thrown up by the shot, and greatly terrified by their constant approach to her person. Public gratitude is due to this intrepid action; since the gallant Lieut. Colonel Fenwick, so much distinguished by his services in the late war, was the person saved.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berri arrived on Tuesday forenoon at Holyrood-house, from London. Her Royal Highness is to possess a house in Regent Terrace, Calton Hill. Marshal Bourmont has been at Holyrood for these some days.

*How to cure profane swearing with Pound Cake.* Two gentlemen, travelling between two important towns in Georgia, fell in with a driver, who, in the language of the day, swore by note. Every gully or obtruding root that jostled the vehicle, called forth a tremendous volley of oaths. One of the gentlemen at length observed to his companion that it would never do—they must fall upon some plan to correct the enormity. The companion replied that it would make the fellow worse. However, the gentleman determined to make the experiment, and hit upon the following expedient: Driver, said he, you seem to be a pretty clever fellow, we are desirous of consulting your comfort and welfare, as travellers should do to each other. Oh, no doubt of that gentlemen—no doubt of that said the driver. Well, now driver, said the gentleman—if you should see any thing amiss in our conduct in any respect whatever, we should take it as a great favor, if you would correct us, and permit us to do the same to you. Oh, gentlemen, said the driver, I have no doubt you will both behave like gentlemen as you are. By this time our swearer had become quite interested in the conversation, and very anxious to show the travellers, that he considered them too polite and genteel to do any thing that would offend him. Perceiving that he was in the right state of feeling, though swearing like a sailor, at every little inconvenience in the road—the gentleman told him that on leaving his friends at M—, one of the ladies had taken care to supply him with a very large pound cake. Now, said he, driver, that our good understanding and good opinion of each other will not be interrupted, let me beg that you shall grant one small favor, and if you will, you may have largely of this fine pound cake as long as it lasts.—By all means, said the driver, sir—any thing, gentlemen that I can do for you. Then said the gentleman let me swear the next oath. It had the desired effect, and for the remainder of a considerable journey, the driver ate cake and quit swearing.

*"Gentlemen" in Russia.* The Russians do not understand what a gentleman means; and a person who refuses to state his rank or profession is looked on with suspicion. I heard a friend of mine cross-questioned at Constantinople as to what he was: "I'm an Englishman," he replied. "What rank (rank) have you?" said the police officer. "None." "What is your profession?" "I'm of no profession; because I'm a private gentleman." "But you must have had rank some time or other; and you must have been in some business?" "I live on my property." "But that won't do, sir. In God's name, what are you?" "Well, then, I'm a magistrate of a county and a deputy lieutenant." "Well, well, that will do: why did you not say so at first?"

A clever and facetious Scotch Doctor, settled at St. Petersburg, was coming in from the country, and driving at a furious rate (with four horses abreast) through one of the barriers, when the sentry, as usual stopped him; and thinking, by his style of driving, that he was an officer of rank, with great civility and submission, asked him where he had come from, and what his rank was. He answered, "I'm a tailor—sent for in a hurry to repair General Kotoumoulsky's small clothes." "A Tailor!" replied the sentry, (turning up his nose with contempt.) "What did you drive so fast for? Your betters are only allowed to go at such a pace, be off with you!"

Alexander's Travels.

*Extract of a letter from Paris.* "They relate here a good story about the Princess Lieven and Prince Talleyrand. 'Well, Prince, how is your revolution going on?' said she to the great man. 'Revolution!—Restoration, you mean, madam; you know it is just what the Emperor Alexander wished in 1814, and we have happily accomplished his intentions.' The late diplomatist bit his lips, and remained silent, promising to herself to choose a better ground another time of attacking Prince Talleyrand. The Duchess de Dino returns to London in a few days."

M. Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, was formerly a member of the famous National Convention. On the 16th of July, 1794, he made a most violent speech, in that most violent assembly against all the northern powers of Europe, when he whom he denounced as a band of conspirators, which had for its object "the reducing all Europe to a general slavery." Yet, in 1814, this man came to Paris as the representative of the league which he had decreed; and ever since he has been its very obedient and humble servant. M. Pozzo di Borgo was member for Corsica.

Morning Herald.

*Reprieve.* A Russian lady, being engaged to dine with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by so unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbor in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round, sharply accosted the satirist in the same language:—"When a woman," (said she,) "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

*Public Stages.* Three young men have lately been fined twenty-five dollars each, and costs, at Buffalo, N. Y. for singing at a using indecent language in a stage, thereby forcing two respectable females to leave the coach.

From the Lexington, Ky. Gazette.

*Wild Man of the Woods.* Mr. Trotter, Five or six days since my business called me to Danville, and thence to Harrodsburgh. Whilst descending the cliff on the north side of the Kentucky river, I very unexpectedly encountered a being whose strangeness of visage inspired me with the most horrible sensation. When I first saw him he was lying on the ground, his tail tied to a limb of a tree, about twenty yards distant. I would judge it to be thirty yards in length and about the thickness of a bed cord. The trampling of my horse's feet startled him, and he bounded to the tree, climbing up by his tail, which, as before stated, was tied to a limb. Recovering somewhat from my confusion, I advanced nearer the tree, where I immediately surveyed his whole appearance. His head was of the usual dimensions, and his hair was long and flowing, reaching nearly to his waist. His body was covered with hair and feathers, and his feet resembled those of the bear. He skipped with the greatest facility from limb to limb, and muttered some unintelligible words in a harsh tone. Whilst he was intent on gazing at me, I rode round the tree about four times, his head turning each time with me. When I stopped his head was still a moment, when it wheeled with the velocity of a top until it resumed its former position. Seeing him about to descend by the means of his tail, I put spurs to my horse and reached the ferry greatly terrified, and nearly out of breath.

The above statement is sent you at the request of my neighbors, who will certify to my good character, having resided amongst them for nineteen years.

PATRICK C. FLOURNOY.

Jessamine Co. Ky. Jan. 3, 1831.

*Michael Badi: the Chin Chopper!!* It is a fact: we have verified our paragraph of last week, and yesterday, at the Egyptian Hall, absolutely heard the Chin Chopper play or chop several airs. A more novel and curious exhibition we certainly never saw. Mr. Badi, his wife a pretty guitarist, and a violin accompaniment, performed several pieces of music, the remarkable portion of which consisted in his producing sounds, resembling caustics more than any thing else, by apparently striking his chin with the two fore fingers of both hands doubled. We presume the clucking to proceed from some action of the tongue and palate: but the extraordinary correctness of tones, and the exact semblance of the whole being produced by strokes upon the chin, rendered the performance extremely entertaining. A number of musical individuals, Miss Stephens, Sinclair, Sir G. Smart, &c. were present, and seemed greatly amused with the efforts of this Chin-ese emperor; who will no doubt attract multitudes of the Bull family to hear his extraordinary music. Like the barber in the ballet he will surely find that "His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin."

Literary Gazette.

*"Old Maids."* Although we would not be understood to approve the state, or inculcate the "cold comforts of single blessedness," it is but justice to admit, that the satirical aspersions cast on "Old Maids" are infinitely more to their praise than is generally imagined, or as it should seem intended, a lively writer on this subject says—Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? "She will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? "She has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? "She is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an "old maid." In short, I have always found that *neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity*, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an "old maid."

*Prejudice.* The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice, is ascribed by Hugh Worthington, a late English divine, to the celebrated Dr. Price. "Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill, a figure, of apparently gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

*Epitaph.* At Hartford, a family named Cherry, lies interred; and three grave stones record the dates, &c. of their interment as follows:—

Learn, readers—all who now pass by—  
Near to this spot three cherries lie;  
Beneath this turf they've placed their bones,  
And o'er them placed three cherry stones.

From the Mobile Register.

I enclose you a copy of a letter lately received by our President from his Majesty William the Fourth. The source from which I received the document is confidential, but you may rest perfectly assured of its authenticity. V.B.

## THE KING, TO THE PRESIDENT.

To let you know that George is dead,  
And I'm now reigning in his stead,  
This brief despatch I send:  
Assuring you there ne'er shall be  
Dispute or war 'twixt you and me,  
My democratic friend.

I am just somewhat in the blues,  
From France I have unpleasant news,  
Things are in sad confusion.  
There's been, I hear, a famous stir,  
The Rebels, (beg your pardon, sir,)  
Have made a Revolution.

To say how far 'twill reach is vain,  
It has already entered Spain,  
And spreads in every quarter;  
Naples must yield—perhaps the Pope,  
But still, my friend, I have a hope  
It will not cross the water.

But mobs are changeful as the moon,  
We kings can never tell how soon,  
Our heads, or crowns may go:  
For should my "faithful Commons" say,  
"Your Gracious Majesty can't stay,"  
I must be off, you know.

Now should the Radicals prevail,  
And think that I had better sail,  
But this is confidential;  
Can you, my worthy friend provide,  
A mansion where I might reside?  
The terms are not essential.

Perhaps king Joe\* would like to sell,  
His place would suit me very well,  
There where he last resided,  
If he consents—have the deed drawn,  
For money you can call on Vaughn,  
He's always well provided.

And then, a king without a crown,  
In rural ease I'll set me down,  
Aloof from Europe's riot;  
And when with me, my friend, you dine,  
We'll crack our jokes and sip our wine,  
In calm domestic quiet.

\* Joseph Bonaparte, who now resides in N. J.  
† British Minister to the United States.

*Social Testimony.* A witness being called into court to testify in a certain cause there pending, on being asked what he knew of the matter, gave the following lucid evidence. He undertakes to relate a conversation between himself and the defendant:—"Pat! said he—What! said I—it's cold, said he—Faith it is, said I—Oho! said he—Ah! said I—the devil, said he—when (whistling) said I—And that's all he told me upon the subject!"

A private letter from Paris states, that the Methodists have, of all other religious denominations, gained the most by the Revolution of July last. Availing themselves of the new freedom of worship, they have already opened in Paris three Chapels, with the following inscription in French—"Protestant worship, with no salary from the State; entry gratis." Georgia Courier.

*A noble Sentiment.* I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it; and when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me, I ought to keep myself out of it. Algernon Sidney.

*Anecdote.* A schoolmaster, in a neighboring town, while inflicting punishment upon a refractory scholar, was visited by a teacher of music. "I find you very actively employed, this morning," said the musician. "Yes," replied the instructor, "and our business happens to be quite in accordance, for you see I am striking the trembling *La-ar*."

*A good one.* "Sir," said a town officer to a young man with a sleigh and horse, "it is against the law to drive a sleigh through the streets without bells, and you had better get them." "Don't be at all uneasy, Sir," replied the young fellow, "I never drive my sleigh without bells." Two of the prettiest young ladies in the city were seated in the sleigh. Baltimore Miners.

*Resignation.* "Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow!" replied the forlorn husband.

From an English Paper.  
PREROGATIVE COURT.

**A Wealthy Beggar.**—Featherstone v. Murphy and others.—This was a case involving the question of the validity of a will. It appeared that on the 26th of March, 1829, an old and pretended blind beggar woman, named Elizabeth Henrich, died, leaving behind her in Bank of England notes and specie, property to an enormous amount (said to be nearly 100,000*l.*). During her life time she had pursued the occupation of a beggar, and feigning blindness, in order the better to excite commiseration, had been in the habit of being led about from the door of one patron to that of another to collect subscriptions for her maintenance. She was an Irish woman, and many years ago introduced herself to Lady Caroline Murray, stating that she had been deserted by her husband, and left quite unprotected in this country.—Lady Murray interested herself in her behalf, placed her name at the head of a list of subscribers, and recommended her to several benevolent persons. In this way the old woman obtained large sums of money, which she hoarded up in a parlor and cellar which she rented, in Warren-street, Golden square. She was extremely cautious of admitting any person into this parlor and cellar; and when the girl whom she employed for the purpose of sweeping the former, was engaged in that occupation, she constantly held her by some part of her dress, in order to prevent her approaching some particular part of the room. In this house she died, leaving property to the amount above stated. She had, during her life, been in the habit of visiting Featherstone, in St. John's court; had often been known to drink whiskey, and sing Irish songs with him, and had been heard to say she would leave him thousands when she died. Mrs. Henrich did die on the 26th of March, 1829, from the effect of a fit. On the property being discovered, advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, advising her heirs or any of her relations to come forward. It was not till some time after this was done, that Featherstone appeared with the will in question, by which he was appointed universal legatee. The evidence for the defence went to show, that at the date of the pretended will (February 13, 1829, and which purported to have been drawn up, signed, and attested, at the residence, of the plaintiff in St. John's Court) the deceased was unable, and had been unable for a long time previously, from a general decay of nature, to leave her own house. The defence, in fact, chiefly rested on the proof of an *alibi*. It was commented on as a singular circumstance that to Green, the subscribing witness, since dead, nothing whatever, had been left by the deceased.

Dr. Addams, at great length, contended for the validity of the will. The evidence for it in his opinion, could not be shaken otherwise than by a positive and unimpeachable *alibi*; for the insignificant and collateral contradictions contained in the evidence for the plaintiff were incidental to all genuine testimony when minutely sifted. The defendants, he asserted, had not brought forward such a positive proof of *alibi* as would warrant the Court in pronouncing against the will, but had rested the proof of that *alibi* on inference,—a mode which rendered the proof to evidence at all.

Sir J. Nicholl, in giving judgment, remarked, that however absurd and inconsistent a story might be, it seldom was got up without some foundation, and so it appeared in the present case; he did not however, think there was a sufficiency of evidence to induce him to pronounce for the will. The learned Judge proceeded to point out many discrepancies and contradictions in the evidence for the plaintiff. He remarked particularly on the fact of Featherstone not avowing immediately his having possession of a will—not indeed, until long after the death of Mrs. Henrich had been advertised, and until the officers were making an inventory of the property in favor of the crown; thus allowing sufficient time for the fabrication of the document. Under all circumstances of the case, the evidence for the will did not appear to him supported by adequate proof, and he therefore pronounced it invalid. It was useless to pronounce any order with respect to costs, as the plaintiff was a pauper. The question of perjury must be decided before another tribunal.

The defendants in the above suit claim to be distant relatives of the deceased.

**A tough goose.** The editor of the Subaltern advertises a goose which "has been seven times roasted, six times baked, and fifteen times stewed and boiled, and yet the sarcoy bag, that envelopes the flesh, resists the edge of the axe, the cleaver and the knife." It must be one of the geese that saved Rome by their cackling. Southworth, send us on the left wing.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish.

The following is from Sir Walter Scott's late work on Demonology and Witchcraft.

**The Affrighted Farmer.** A Tiviotdale Farmer was riding on a fair, at which he had indulged himself with John Barleycorn, but not to that extent of delying goblins which it inspired into the gallant Tam O. Shanter. He was pondering with some anxiety upon the dangers of travelling alone on a solitary road, which passed the corner of a churchyard, now near at hand, when he saw before him in the moonlight, a pale female form, standing upon the very wall which surrounded the cemetery. The road was very narrow, with no opportunity of giving the apparent phantom what seamen call a wide berth. It was however, the only path which led to the rider's home, who, therefore, resolved at all risks to pass the apparition. He accordingly approached, as slowly as possible, the spot where the spectre stood; while the figure remained, now perfectly still and silent, now brandishing its arms, gliding to the moon. When the farmer came close to the spot, he dashed in the spurs, and set the horse off upon the gallop; but the specter did not miss its opportunity. As he passed the corner where she was perched, she contrived to drop behind the horseman and seized him around the waist; a manœuvre which greatly increased the speed of the horse and the terror of the rider, for the hand of her who sat beside him, when pressed upon his, felt as cold as that of a corpse. At his own house at length he arrived, and bid the servants who came to attend him, "Take off the ghost!"—They took off accordingly a female in white, and the poor farmer himself was conveyed to bed, where he lay struggling for weeks with a strong nervous fever. The female was found to be a mannequin who had been left a widow very suddenly by an affectionate husband, and the natural cause of her malady induced her when she could make her escape, to wander to the churchyard, where she sometimes wildly wept over his grave, and sometimes standing on the corner of the churchyard wall, looked out, and mistook every stranger on horseback, for the husband she had lost. If this woman, which was very possible, had dropped from the horse misdirected by him whom she had made involuntary companion, it would have been hard to convince the honest farmer that he had not actually performed part of his journey with a ghost behind him.

**Prince and Princess Carolath.** The Prince and Princess Carolath have quitted this country, where they have met with a distinguished reception. They intend to stop some time at Berlin before they return to their native country, Silesia. They have both met with such personal attentions and favors from the King and Queen, as are rarely shown to ambassadors extraordinary from foreign courts. The Prince of Carolath, a man of middle age and military appearance, is distinguished less by his wit and talents, than by the loyalty of his character; the Princess is woman about forty, of extremely good figure, and with the remains of much personal beauty. The best years of her life were spent in the country, and her whole appearance is amiable and unaffected. "At first," said she, to some one who felicitated her on the great distinction she enjoyed from their Majesties, "I drew back as much as possible, with my husband, fearing that the excessive favor lavished on us by the Queen might become tedious to the King; but it was precisely this modesty, if I may so call it, which appears to have raised us in the estimation of their Majesties." On the character of the Queen, the Princess, who is a woman of talent and observation, thus expressed herself. Should I extol any particular quality in the Queen, it would be her excellent heart and domestic habits, which amiable qualities have long since been sufficiently known to the world, but the independence of her judgment on persons and things which never allowed her to indulge in prejudices, or to be led away by the opinions of others.

**Popularity of Bachelors.**—It is a fact worth mentioning, that three members of the legislature from Leight county, are bachelors. That they are "clever," none will dispute who know them;—and that they are "popular," none can deny, for they were elected by large majorities; but we question whether another county, in any state in the Union, is wholly represented by bachelors.

The following is a specimen of the fruits of the Post Office Reformation, in point of literary attainments, copied verbatim et literatim, from a letter lately received at this office, with the exception of blanks for name and town.

National Egis.  
— dec. 16 1830 onadagra N. Y.

the National Egis sir, here is No Such man as —, in this Town and your paper hasant Ben taken out & I have sent one Letter to you before and your paper Lize hearre and oblige your  
N— T— P. M.

**Society.** A large establishment has been projected at Paris, for the purpose of enabling any individuals by the annual payment each of 700 francs (less than 30*l.*) to enjoy all the pleasures of social, with all the independence of domestic life. For that sum they are to have lodging, board, clothes, and washing; the use of a library, the daily papers, billiard rooms, play, conversation, &c. The whole to be under the management of a committee chosen by themselves. The prospectus even holds out the expectation of a country house and free admission to the theatres!

"Is there water in your country?" said an Arab to Volney. "Abundance; you meet with it several times in one day's journey." "So much water," exclaimed the astonished Arab, "so much water, and yet you leave it."

## MARRIED.

At Carlisle, Luzerne county, Pa. on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Noble, Mr. JOHN M. POOR to Miss HARRIET HUNTINGTON, only daughter of E. M. TOWNS-SEND, merchant, of that place.

## DIED.

In this city, on Friday last, JOHN WATTS, Jr. M. D. President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, aged 66 years. The Commercial advertiser says he was a man distinguished in private life for refinement of manners, and great purity of moral deportment. Ardently attached to his profession, and enjoying in the highest degree the confidence of the public, his practice was extensive, and the kindness and delicacy of his attentions to the sick, can never be forgotten by those who have been the subjects of his skill. He was moreover a man eminent for his piety; and, blessed with ample means, his benefactions to the leading public institutions and charities of the day, were judiciously selected and munificently bestowed. His loss is in all respects a public calamity. But for a full delineation of a character affording one of the highest examples for imitation, the reader must be content to wait for some more extensive memorial, which will doubtless be soon forthcoming from a more competent hand.

## CIRCULAR.

Office of American & Foreign Agency for Claims, NO. 19 WALL STREET.

**PUBLIC NOTICE** is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, having Claims, Debts, Judgments, &c. payable or recoverable at root, that this Agency has established, under the special auspices and patronage of distinguished individuals in this country, a regular correspondence with eminent Bankers, &c. in the principal parts and capitals of Foreign Governments, in commercial relations with the United States; through the medium whereof such valid claims as may be couched therein, will be expedited for settlement, and promptly and effectively recovered;—when furnished by the claimants with the suitable legal proofs and vouchers, together with the requisite Power of Attorney, to be taken and acknowledged before any Judge of a Court of Record, or other competent Civil Magistrate, Municipal authority, or Notary Public; and the whole duly authenticated by the Governor of the State or Territory in which the same may be perfected, and legalized by the appropriate Foreign Consul.

Having also established a regular correspondence through the United States and British American, the like claims for recovery, in any part thereof respectively, will be recovered, and efficiently attended to, in behalf of American, as well as Foreign claimants.

Orders for the investment of funds on Mortgages of Freehold property, or in the purchase of Public Securities of the United States, Canal Loans of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c. punctually and faithfully executed.

Applications addressed to this Agency, in cases requiring the investigation of claims, or of records, or the intervention of legal proceedings, should be accompanied with an adequate remuneration to defray the preliminary charges and disbursements attending the same; and all letters must be addressed (post paid) to the undersigned, (Correspondent of the Supreme Court of the United States,) in the Office of the Agency, 19 Wall-street, New York.

AARON H. PALMER, Attorney.

## HAIR RESTORATIVE.

**Or Preservative Vegetable Crème.** THIS celebrated article was discovered in Pennsylvania about eight years ago, and has been used since that time by about 20,000 persons, and has given the greatest satisfaction. It restores the hair on bald places, prevents its falling off, and imparts the greatest lustre and firmness to it. It is applied by giving a tone to the secreting organs forming the hair; these, like every other part of the body, when in a state of dormancy and disease, can be restored to a healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature.

Sold only by Dr. JAMES H. HART, Apothecary, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, New-York, at 81 7/5 per bottle. Feb. 12

**WANTED,** in a Drug Store, a Young Man who has served his time in America, and who is acquainted with Pharmacy, and a good salesman. Unquestionable references are required. A pious person would be preferred. Inquire at 229 Broadway, corner of Walker street. Feb. 12

**SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York.** Drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 3, for 1831. 28 1 66 45 57 30 8 17 19.

**SUCCESS AGAIN!** Several of the Capitals sold to ladies and gentlemen all over the city and country.

N. B. My patrons in the country will meet the same attention as on personal application, by addressing their letters to  
SYLVESTER, New-York.

Being regularly licensed by the State, I give my especial attention to country business.  
The following Schemes will next be drawn:  
17 February, Extra 4, \$20,000 \$10,000 Tickets \$2  
24 " Regular, 1 16,000 10,000 " 5  
3 March, " 2 20,000 " 5  
10 " " 3 20,000 10,000 " 5  
All in New-York city.

Mr Sylvester's (enlarged) Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, is published weekly; price 6 1/4 cents single copies, or \$1 50 per annum. It contains much useful information to Merchants, Dealers, &c. It is sent gratis to all who deal with  
Feb. 12 SYLVESTER.

## ADDITIONAL NOVELTY

W. J. HANNINGTON'S ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Corner of Canal-street and Broadway.

**THE GARDEN** will be brilliantly illuminated, and a good Band of Music will attend.

The Proprietor takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage he has hitherto experienced—to secure a continuance of which, the most unremitting exertions will be constantly used in procuring fresh NOVELTY connected with the establishment. For the comfort of the visitors, during the winter months the Museum is agreeably warmed. Intelligent keepers, at regular intervals, describe the various Animals, Birds, &c. &c.

The whole collection is so well secured, that children may view these Lords of the Forest and Air with perfect safety. The dens and cages are numbered, according to the Catalogue, and every Animal, Bird, or Reptile mentioned in the list, is to be seen at sight.

Feeding time of the Wild Animals and Birds of Prey, 8 o'clock in the Evening.

Admission to the whole, 25 cents—Children half price. Doors open from 9 in the morning till 9 at night.

The utmost value given for Laying Animals.

A few Season Tickets to be disposed of at the Zoological Office, price \$1, which will admit the purchaser and one friend free, once a day, from the present date until May 1st, 1831. Feb. 12

**NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY.** Extra Class No. 4, for 1831, to be drawn in the city of New-York, on Thursday, February 17th, 1831, at a quarter past four o'clock P. M. 66 No. Lottery—10 drawn balls.

1	Prize of	\$20,000	is	\$20,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	2,160	-	2,160
10	-	1,000	-	10,000
10	-	500	-	5,000
10	-	300	-	3,000
10	-	200	-	4,000
66	-	100	-	6,600
56	-	50	-	2,900
56	-	40	-	2,240
112	-	30	-	3,360
112	-	25	-	2,800
224	-	20	-	4,480
1960	-	10	-	19,600
15400	-	5	-	77,000

18040 prizes, amounting to \$183,040  
Whole Tickets 25; Halves 2 50; Quarters 1 25.

FOR SALE AT THE  
**MANAGERS' OFFICE,**  
NO. 161 BROADWAY.

Feb. 12

**FANCY ARTICLES, &c.—A. BOURNE'S** Establishment, 259 Broadway, a great variety of fine Fancy Articles, of superior quality, and at all times to be found at very reasonable prices. Amongst the articles offered to the present season, is almost every variety of Fire-Screens of admired pattern, beautifully and richly decorated with fruits, flowers, figures, birds, &c. &c. which are well worthy the attention of the Ladies. The usual variety of fine Engravings, fashionable Music, fine Note and Letter Paper, &c. Feb. 12

**LORIN BROOKS BOOT-MAKER,** No. 21 1-2 John-st. New-York.

Would inform his friends and the public, that he continues the business of boot making at his old stand, where boots of the first quality and latest fashion may always be found.

N. B. Boots in any quantity made to order for Southern and Western Merchants, on the most accommodating terms. Feb. 12. if 13

**NOTICE.** THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs; and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38, Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENSETT.

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